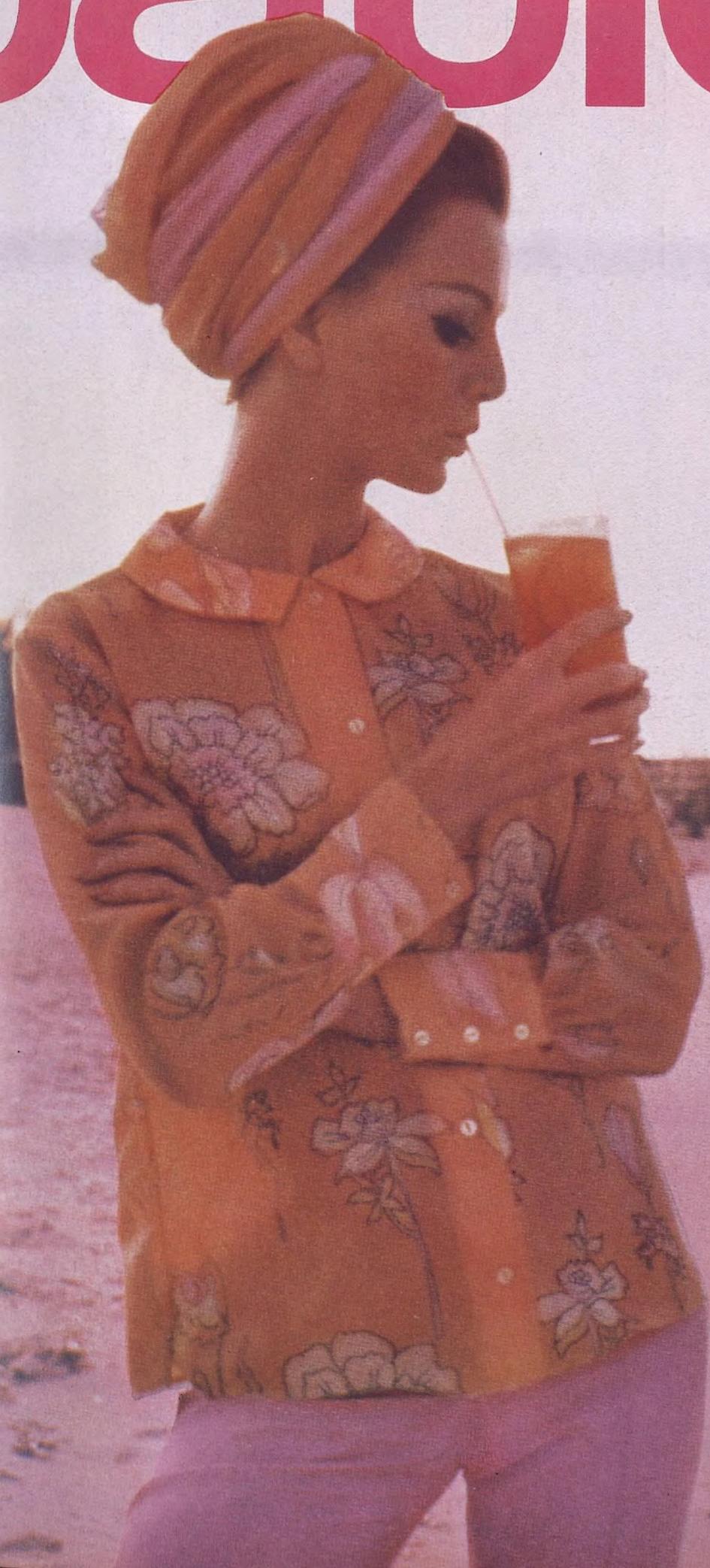


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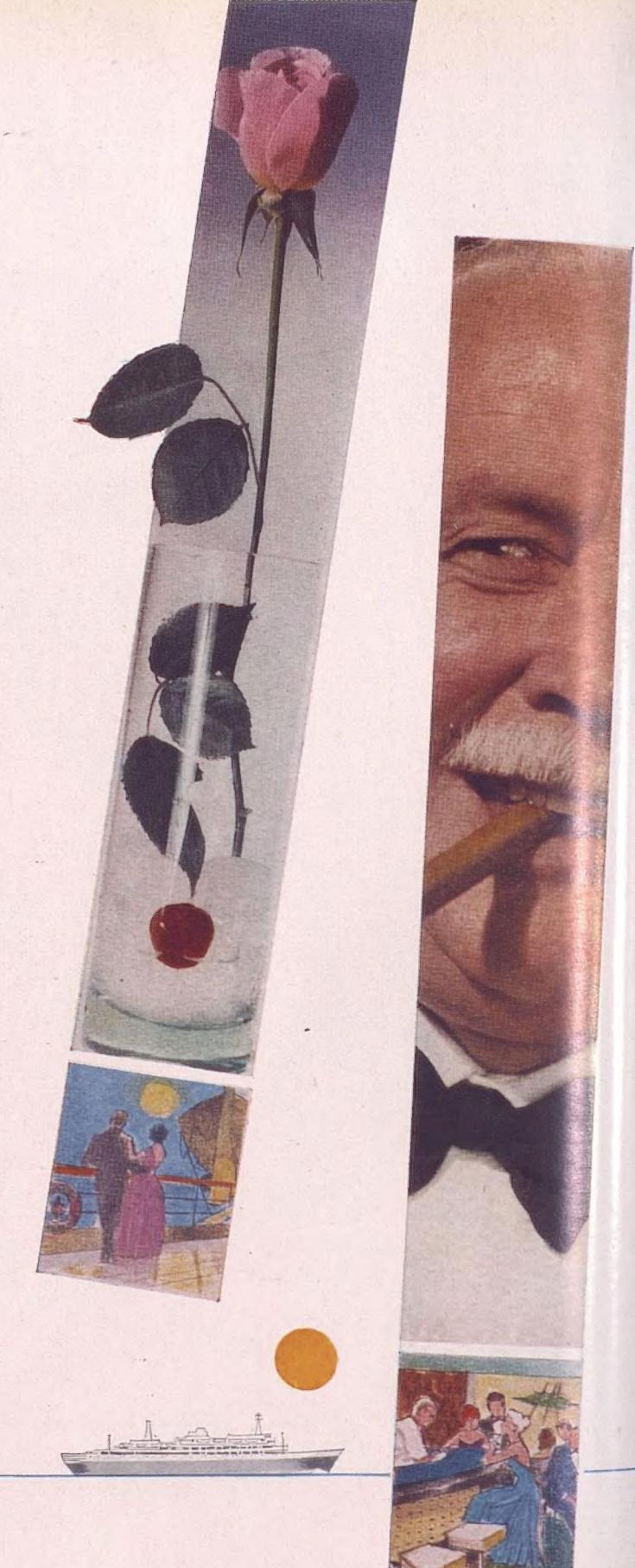


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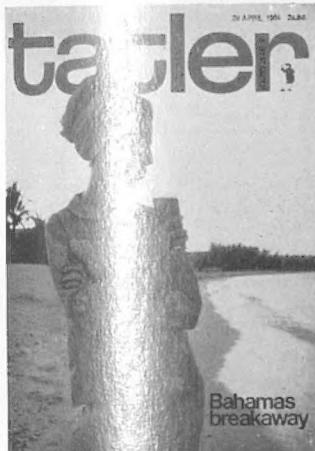
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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 252 / NUMBER 3270

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JOHN OLIVER

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Traveller's choice for a far-away holiday in the Bahamas is a cool, non-crushable shirt in yellow Terylene lawn printed with hibiscus pink flowers and worn over crisp Terylene and linen trousers. Shirt, 45s., trousers, 5½ gns., both from Harrods. Photographed by Norman Eales at the Nassau Beach Hotel, caught in the pink glow of the sunset. For more Bahamas pictures and sunshine fashion, turn to page 275

# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**The Queen Mother** will attend a concert at the Royal Festival Hall on 30 April, celebrating the London Symphony Orchestra's diamond jubilee. **Rose Ball**, Grosvenor House, 30 April. (Details, RIV 4824.) **Royal Wilts Yeomanry Ball**, Bowood Park, Calne, 1 May. **Royal Academy Summer Exhibition** opens at Burlington House, 2 May.

**Fashion House Group Collection**, Celanese House, Hanover Square, 4 May, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. (Tickets, £3 3s. from Mrs. Vera Biggs, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1.)

**Cottage Homes Ball**, the Dorchester, 4 May. (Details, Mr. D. Cave, MIL 7071.)

**Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball**, Grosvenor House, 5 May. (Details, Miss Sykes, VIC 8051.) **50th Anniversary Concert**, attended by the Queen Mother, Grocers' Hall, 8 p.m., 5 May, in aid of the Professional Classes Aid Council. (Tickets £5 5s., Miss A. Clark, 75 Iverna Court, W.8.)

**Pied Piper Ball**, Hyde Park Hotel, 7 May, in aid of N.S.P.C.C. (Details, GER 2774.) **Silver Arrow Ball**, Quaglinos, 7 May, in aid of Harrow Boys Clubs. (Tickets, £2 10s., from Mrs. Charles Swallow, BYR 5428.) **Royal Caledonian Ball**, Gros-

venor House, 11 May. (Tickets, £4 inc. dinner, £3 ball only, GRO 6363.)

**Flower arrangement exhibition**, on theme "The Plays of Shakespeare", Berkeley Castle, Glos, 8-10 May, in aid of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind, and the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. **United Charities Fair**, Chelsea Town Hall, 11 a.m.-7 p.m., 12 May.

**Red Hat Ball**, Grosvenor House, 12 May. (Tickets, £3 10s., inc. dinner with wine, £1 10s. not inc. dinner, from Mrs. Robin Donald, FLA 4173.)

**England Ball**, Grosvenor House, 14 May, in aid of the C.P.R.E. (Tickets, £3, GRO 6363.)

**Spring Fair**, Caxton Hall, 21 May, in aid of the International Social Service of Gt. Britain. (Details, TAT 8737.)

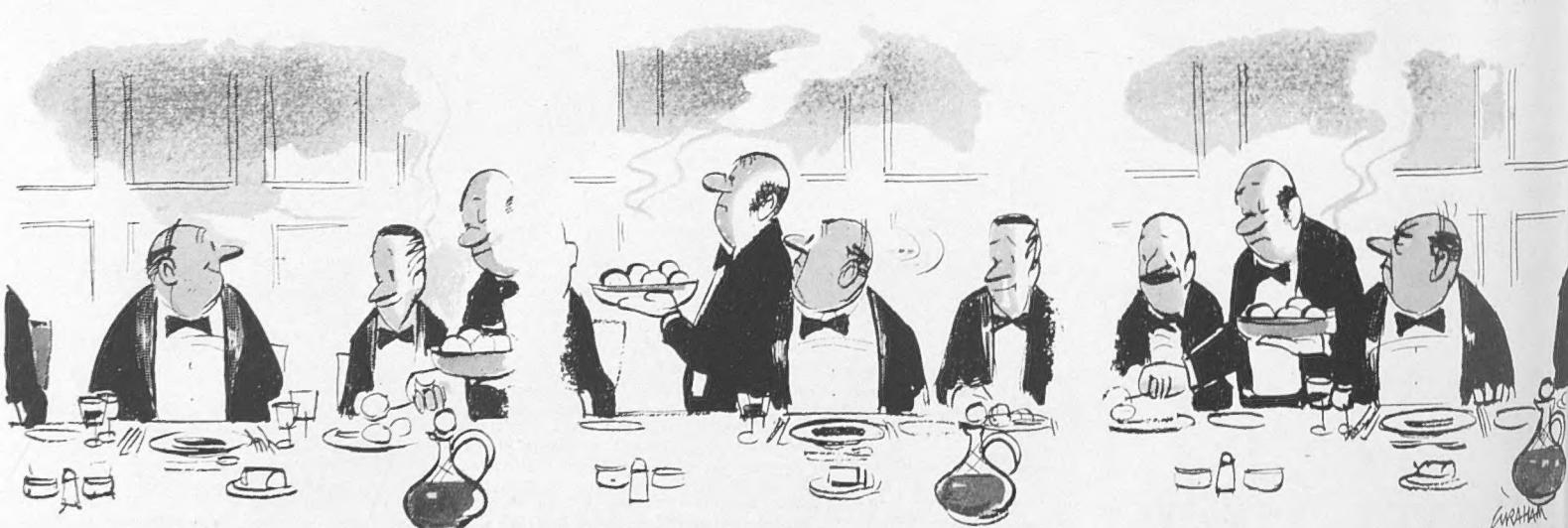
**Theatre Ball**, to celebrate R.A.D.A.'s Diamond Jubilee, Savoy, 21 May. Proceeds in aid of Oxfam and the Denville Hall Rest Home. (Tickets, £4 4s., inc. supper from Mrs. H. Rubin, 31 Pelham Court, S.W.3. KEN 9833.)

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat**: Newmarket, today & 30 April; Ripon, today; Ascot

Heath, 1, 2; Beverley, Warwick, 2; Lanark, 2, 4; Nottingham, Windsor, 4; Alexandra Park, 5; Chester, 5-7 May. **Steeplechasing**: Perth Hunt, today &

## BRIGGS by Graham



bridge University v. Middlesex, 2 May.

## POLO

**Cowdray Park**: Tyro Cup, 1st round, 2 May; semi-final, 3 May. **Household Brigade**, Smith's Lawn, Windsor, Rodney Moore Cup final, 3 May.

## MUSICAL

**Bishopsgate Institute**, Bryan Vickers (piano), 1.5-1.50 p.m., 5 May. (WEL 8418.)

**Royal Albert Hall**, "On Parade", massed bands of the Household Cavalry and Guards, in aid of the Outward Bound Schools, 7.30 p.m., 6 May. (KEN 8212.)

**Claydon Concert**, Claydon House, Bucks. Melos Ensemble, 7 p.m., 10 May. (PRI 7142.)

## ART

**Painting & Sculpture, 1954-1964**, Tate Gallery. To 28 June. **Image of Shakespeare**, National Portrait Gallery, to end of June.

**Shakespeare in Art**, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 9 May.

**Anne Redpath**, Lefevre Gallery, to 1 May.

**Eton College Chapel embroideries**, 73 Wimpole St., W.1, 5-8 May.

## FAIR

**Antiquarian Book Fair**, National Book League, Albermarle St., 5-9 May.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Lyric**, *She Loves Me*, tonight. **Drury Lane**, Slask Company, 4 May.

**New Arts**, *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*, 6 May.

**Aldwych**, Polish Contemporary Theatre, 5 May; Greek Art Theatre, 12 May; Moscow Art Theatre, 26 May.



Eva Bartok on B.B.C. 2—the Hungarian-born actress is to co-star with Laurence Payne in a new serial called *The Midnight Men* directed by Rudolf Cartier and to be shown in mid-May

30 April; Huntingdon, Newcastle, 2; Kelso, 6 May.

## CRICKET

**M.C.C. v. Yorkshire**; Worcester v. Australians; Oxford University v. Gloucester; Cambridge University v. Glamorgan, today.

**M.C.C. v. Surrey**; Gloucester v. Australians (Bristol); Leicester v. Warwick; Sussex v. Glamorgan (Hove); Oxford University v. Yorkshire; Cam-

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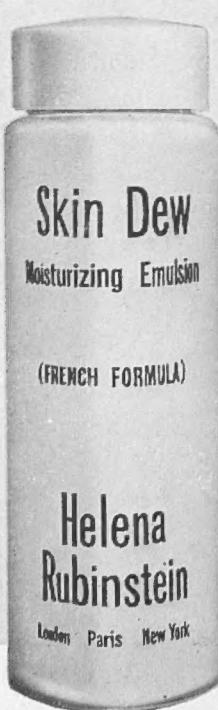
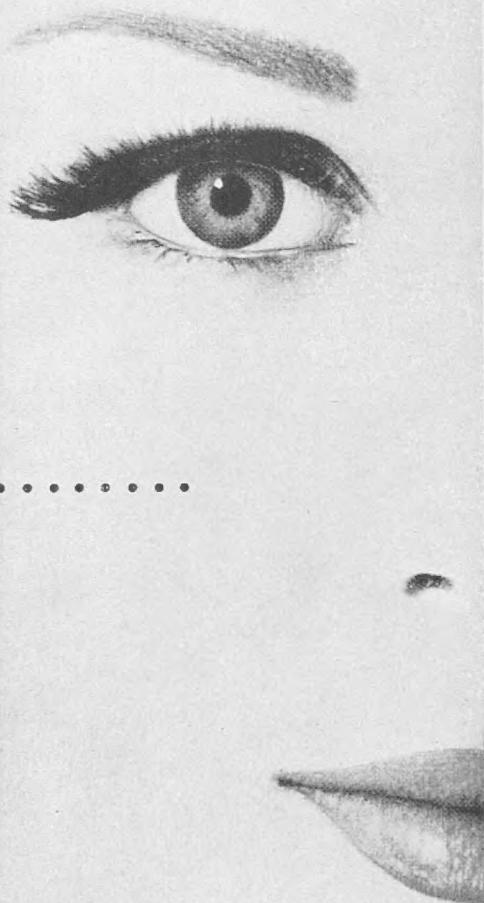
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# GOING PLACES TO EAT

BY LAND AND WATER



ROGER HILL

The Hind's Head at Bray, made famous before the war by that most original of hoteliers, the late Barry Neame, continues the high standards and principles that he established under the present director, Miss L. Williams, seen centre in the picture above with members of her staff. The food at the Hind's Head is completely English in a completely English setting

**Barque & Bite**, entrance from Prince Albert Road, near the gate to the Broad Walk, Regent's Park. Open luncheon and dinner to midnight. Closed midday Saturday, open Sundays (GUL 8137). John Lyons and Geoffrey Cassen are young men with a sound knowledge of cooking and wines, allied to original ideas. That was why the Barque & Bite came into being. They saw the possibilities of a backwater off the Regent's Canal, with a delightful view along it, and realized that a retired British Waterways barge—one of the long boats—was worthy of something better than the scrapyard. So they made it into a restaurant of considerable and simple charm, with plans for more tables on the deck on fine summer nights. It is quite close to the Zoo entrance, out of the rush hour is only about 15 minutes' by car from Victoria or Piccadilly, and parking presents no problems. From the galley comes fine French cooking, with game as a speciality when in season. Allow for a cost per head of about 25s., without wine. Wise to book.

... and a reminder

**Angus Steak House**, Hyde Park Square. (PAD 5167.) The latest in their chain, and up to the high standard they have set themselves.

**Trattoria a Trastevere**, 103 Walton Street, S.W.3. (KEN 1356.) Specializes in the cooking of Rome. Small, cheerful and friendly.

**Mignon**, 2 Queensway. (BAY 0093.) One of the very limited number of restaurants in London that really understands Hungarian cooking—with Hungarian music at night.

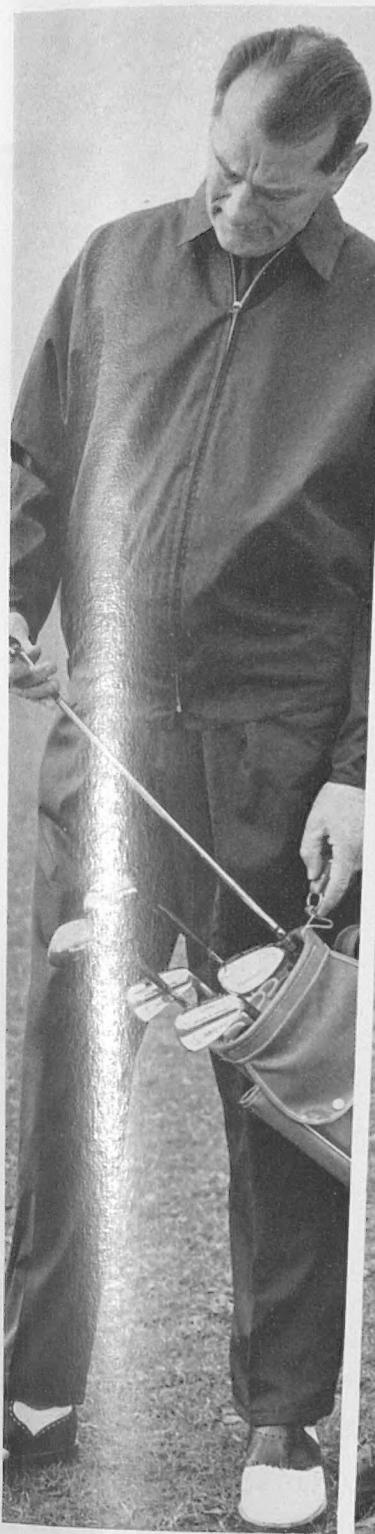


PAUL VINCENZI

**La Belle Meunière**, on the corner of Charlotte Street, is owned by Gaspar, who also manages it. Born in France of Spanish parents, Gaspar started his restaurant in 1941 and has established a big reputation for splendid meals in the French and Italian style. John Baker White writes also this week on page 294. His subject: a come-back for haute cuisine

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# GOING PLACES

BEAUTY ABROAD

Second only to lipstick (perhaps the desert island prop, all else lacking) and of more benefit to the general appearance even than diamonds, a hairdresser is a girl's best friend. He is all but a neurologist, not to mention psychiatrist, confidant and adviser on much of life's trivia. Nobody can repair sheer lack of sleep, the rigours of a long journey, the dismal penalties of a night out quite as a good hairdresser can. An hour's session in the salon even cures aching feet. Their morale boosting virtues shine the more brightly, perhaps, abroad, when the said long journeys and lack of sleep clash sharply with a sudden invitation, or when something in the air of Paris or Rome, or wherever, moves one to change one's entire appearance.

You can find good hairdressers by nose, much as you can find good restaurants, and several of those listed below are ones I walked into, unknowing that they were celebrated meccas. In my view, the Italians lead by lengths: the merest junior of a girl in a provincial town can brush out the rollers into a wonderful shape with a couple of strokes. Outside Paris and Cannes the French, I find, are variable, whereas the Swiss and the Germans tend to be far too thorough with the comb and create something closer to a wig. In a city I do not know, one of the best sources of advice, I find, is the flight stewardess. Many of the big new airports—Orly, Paris, and Schipol, Amsterdam, to name two, have excellent salons. So do all the Hilton Hotel group (I found one of the best ever at the Nile Hilton).

The prices I quote in this list are approximate, since they depend on what type of shampoo and they exclude, of course, trims and rinses. A fair average is 25s, unless indicated otherwise.

**Paris:** Alexandre, Faubourg St. Honoré. Go there for the name—and the styling. 3 gns. Emile George, Rue Pierre Charon. Favourite place for Balmain model girls; reputedly quick as well as good. £2 15s.

**Rome:** Femme Sistina, 74 Via Sistina. I was delighted with this small salon near the head

of the Spanish Steps. Not only were the first results wonderful, but when I wandered in the following day to buy some earrings (they have an excellent junk jewellery boutique) they sat me down and brushed it through again for nothing. **Florence:** Dante, 36 Lungarno Corsini. One of the leaders in that most elegant of cities. They take lots of trouble, without any chi-chi. **Venice:** Carol, opposite the Gritti Palace. I stumbled in by happy accident, give them stars for speed as well as styling, and I discovered to my amusement that half Venetian society had its feet propped up under the dryers.

Arden's always have a high standard (usual prices, about £2), but among their many branches that in **Cannes** is notable for having its dryers wired up in a sunny outdoor patio, so that you don't waste tanning time.

In Portugal, one fares poorly outside the capital; but in **Lisbon** itself, Couto, in the Edward VII hotel, is commended, and in **Estoril** I have tried the chief operator, Malheiros, in the Arcadas do Parque, opposite the Palace Hotel. The styling is rather classic but the proprietor is a superb cutter. A good bet in **Madrid** might



# ABROAD

that you may well come upon a hair rinse or treatment that you can't buy here, which is worth bringing home.

Finally, an opportunity to combine necessity with pleasure: two cruises which cater specially for people who want to lose weight (though they are not closed to those who are content to stay the shape they are). The first of these from 6 to 20 June starts from Venice, calling at Dubrovnik, Corfu, Syracuse, Malta, Tunis, Cagliari, Algiers, Palma and Barcelona, then flying back from Genoa. The second cruise is from 7 to 19 September starting in Genoa and flying back from Venice. It includes Elba, Cagliari, Tunis, Benghazi, Crete, Rhodes, and Athens. Fares are from £116, including the return flights to Venice and Genoa. Physiotherapists and beauticians are available for a nominal fee, and the advice of doctor and dietician is included, as also is a gymnasium, swimming pool and exercise classes. On an earlier cruise this year, one passenger lost 13 lb. The food—steak, lobster, chicken, lots of salads—is reputedly excellent. Contact Slim Cruises Ltd., 8, Manchester Square, W.1., a subsidiary of Kellam Travel. Tel. HUNTER 2834.



The Green Room of Alexandre's salon in Paris. It is on the first floor of an elegant 18th-century building in the Faubourg St. Honoré

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# Going places in pictures



PHOTOGRAPHS: COLIN JONES

While the great theatres of the world pay tribute to Shakespeare at the Aldwych in London, the Royal Shakespeare Company is taking Shakespeare to the world. Two productions are on tour—Peter Brook's momentous *King Lear* and the contrasting *Comedy of Errors*. The tour began in Berlin in February: these pictures were taken when the company reached Leningrad early this month. Tom Fleming and Julie Christie (top) explore a frozen lake and (above left) one reception was given for the company at a home for retired actors. The Lear himself, Paul Schofield (above right), signs autographs. Currently the company is in Canada and this tremendous tour—which has covered Europe, touched Scandinavia as well as Russia—ends in June with a season at New York's new theatre in the Lincoln Centre

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TATLER 29 APRIL 1964

## THREE DAYS AT BIG BADMINTON

The Queen Mother attended them all and at the close of the three-day event presented the Whitbread Trophy for the Great Badminton Championship to Captain James Templer and the Whitbread Tankard for the Little Badminton event to Mrs. John Waddington. The winners are seen (above right) with the Queen Mother and the Duke of Beaufort. Later the Queen Mother (right) made a round of the stalls. This year's Badminton—claimed as the most exciting yet—was a curtain-raiser to the British effort in the equestrian event of the forthcoming Olympic Games in Tokyo. More pictures overleaf by Romano Cagnoni. Muriel Bowen writes about the horses and riders on page 260



## BIG BADMINTON/CONTINUED





Crash-helmeted, the Hon. Patrick T. Conolly-Carew on Ballyhoo rounds up to the first fence of the Badminton Steeplechase. He was unplaced in the championship.

Mr. Jeremy Smith-Bingham, of the Royal Horse Guards, rides By Golly over the show-jumping course. He was second in the championship.

Captain James Templer, on M'Lord Connolly in the cross-country event. With a clear round in the final show-jumping phase, horse and rider finished with a plus score of 33 to win the Great Badminton Championship.

Competitor from Germany, Herr Ludwig Goessing on King.

Mrs. John Waddington on her new 7-year-old Glenamoy was a convincing winner of the Little Badminton event.

Michael Bullen on Young Pretender in the testing cross-country event. In the championships he was placed sixth on Young Pretender and fifth on Sea Breeze.

Mme R. Cailleux from France, unplaced in the championship, rides her Harmonieuse.

## BIG BADMINTON/CONTINUED



Above: Miss J. Graham Clark on Priam in the show-jumping event. She was placed 10th in the championship. Top: Miss Penny Moreton on Lough Druid came second in the Little Badminton event. Miss Moreton, whose home is in Argyllshire, is noted particularly for her displays of dressage

## THE MARK OF THE CHAMPION

BY MURIEL BOWEN

THE Queen Mother with a golden Caribbean sun tan, and looking well but slimmer since her illness, attended the Badminton Horse Trials on all three days. She presented the Whitbread Trophy for the Great Badminton Championship to CAPT. JAMES TEMPLER and the Whitbread Tankard for the Little Badminton event to Mrs. JOHN WADDINGTON, stopping several minutes to talk to each. At the time of writing these two riders would seem certain for selection for the Three-Day event at the Olympic Games at Tokyo in October.

It was an exciting Badminton, mainly due to the emergence of at least four riders and horses capable of winning Gold Medals at Tokyo. After the doldrums of last year, when there was a dearth of top class riders and horses, this was all most encouraging.

Captain Templer and his big, free-striding brown horse M'Lord Connolly looked like the stuff that champions are made of, with that special ability to pull out a bit extra on the big occasion. Next to him in the Great Badminton event was Mr. JEREMY SMITH-BINGHAM of the Royal Horse Guards on By Golly, a horse and rider who both have a big local following.

### FINDING OF GLENAMOY

For the thousands of spectators the real excitement of the Trials was the spectacular come-back of Mrs. John Waddington who a few years ago, as Sheila Willcox, was European champion and the first rider to win the Great Badminton Championship three years in succession. It is the fact that women are now eligible to compete in this particular event in the Olympics that has brought her out of retirement.

"When I heard that women were eligible for the Olympic Games I knew I must have a crack at it," she told me. That was last year. She tried two horses; both went lame. In despair she wondered how to find another, something with promise. She thumbed through the back numbers of a sporting paper, saw a picture of Glenamoy, liked the look of him and wrote to the owner asking if she could buy him. That was how she came by the horse she won on last week.

### THE DASHER'S DASH

In six months of careful planning and riding four hours a day she has brought

the horse to a pitch of near perfection that takes most good riders three years to achieve. In addition she manages to do the cooking for her husband and three-year-old son, CHARLES, and cope with the general domestic arrangements of their home near Clitheroe. A remarkable young woman and one who certainly deserves to win a Gold Medal.

Many of the experts considered the cross-country course "not up to Olympic standard." This I am told was intentional. The Olympics are six months off and the aim was not to ask horses the maximum they would ever be asked to do, but to have a fair test of the courage of horses and the ability of riders. It was the dressage arena and the show jumping and not the cross-country which provided the incidents this year. Poor JOHN HARTY, an Irish Olympic possible, had his horse turn a complete somersault in the show jumping. Real rodeo stuff it looked and the crowd adored it. In the dressage ring the appropriately named Dreamy Dasher, ridden by Mr. DURSTON SMITH, left the ring taking some of the arena furniture with him.

#### THE BEAUFORT PARTY

Who was there? The DUKE & DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, of course, with their usual large house party which included COL. & Mrs. "Pudding" WILLIAMS; CAPT. EDWARD & the HON. Mrs. KIDD and their children JANE and JOHNNY, both show jumping; Mr. ROBERT HANSON; LORD & LADY CAREW; Mr. & Mrs. HARRY FREEMAN-JACKSON and their daughter, VIRGINIA; and Miss BARBARA PEARSON, one of the few riders to have two horses in the three-day event—she gave a most polished performance on each.

Out on the cross-country course I talked to Mr. & Mrs. DAVID BLACK who were fence judges and who were busy checking whether it was a red flag for

a vet and a white for a doctor or vice versa. SIR PETER FARQUHAR, BT., a mounted steward, was riding a magnificent horse which, he told me, was as good a hunter as he looked and 17 years old at that. LADY FARQUHAR had the responsibility of judging the most difficult fence on the course, the Vicarage ditch. "We have been very free of disasters all day," she told me with some relief.

COL. SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN, BT., was walking the course with his younger son ROBERT, and I also met Miss BETSY PROFUMO, Miss PHILIPPA ANDREAE, LADY GILBEY, and Mrs. ROGER SWINBURNE-JOHNSON, well booted and waterproofed on what looked a very unpredictable day.

#### CASE OF FOUR COLONELS

In Gloucestershire any excuse for a party is welcomed and Badminton going on for three days provides plenty of excuses. LT.-COL. & Mrs. "BABE" MOSELEY had one to which they invited a great many local people who helped with the Trials. LT.-COL. & Mrs. GORDON COX-COX were there, also MAJOR DEREK & the HON. Mrs. ALLHUSEN; COL. & Mrs. FRANK WELDON (he is one of the Olympic selectors); MAJOR & Mrs. RONNIE DALLAS and her brother-in-law, the HON. PATRICK CONNOLLY-CAREW; MAJOR & Mrs. GERALD GUNDY; and Mr. TIM MITCHELL, the agent at Badminton, and his wife.

Lt.-Col. Cox-Cox and Lt.-Col. Moseley, after years of success, now retire from the chairmanship and the deputy directorship of the Badminton Horse Trials. More is the pity. It will hardly be possible to find successors who are so capable and thorough. The executive of the Badminton Horse Trials consists of four colonels. Mrs. R. Davis, who acts as their secretary, avoids confusion by always referring to them as Colonels One, Two, Three and Four.

#### HOME IN THE COTSWOLDS

At Home Farm, Sherston, a lovely old Cotswold house with warm buff-coloured stone, Miss ZIA FOXWELL was entertaining, most of her guests being young friends of her own age, several of them well known in the world of show hacks. Miss Foxwell's hack *Mirage* was Hack of the Year at Wembley last year. Her guests included MAJOR & Mrs. SIMON CODRINGTON; LADY ZINNIA LESLIE MELVILLE; CAPT. & Mrs. JOHN MACDONALD; Mr. IAN DUDGEON; Miss ELIZABETH BUDGEN; COL. J. F. S. BULLEN and his daughter, JENNY; and Mr. ROBERT RENNIE, a talented clairvoyant who was being earnestly consulted by a young man anxious about his matrimonial prospects!

LT.-COL. TREVOR and the HON. Mrs. HORN were others who had friends in for drinks and their huge log fire could scarcely have been more welcome after a cold couple of hours standing by the dressage arena. There I met BRIGADIER P. E. BOWDEN-SMITH, and Mr. & Mrs. ARTHUR WILLCOX, parents of Mrs. Waddington. Then on to Easton Grey, above a bend of the Avon, a country house with one of the most lovely views in England. Here Mr. & Mrs. PETER SAUNDERS were entertaining friends from Ireland, England and America. Mrs. Saunders is herself American, and being a charming and pretty woman, a magnet for visitors from "back home."

I saw MAJOR & Mrs. LAURENCE ROOK there, also Mr. & Mrs. JULIAN SPRING, COMDR. JOHN ORAM, the former event rider who is the new Master of the Cattistock, and Mr. & Mrs. Cox over from Boston and taking in sporting events both here and in France. Many of Mr. & Mrs. Saunders's guests were putting their drinks to one side and asking to be taken on a tour of the house. Like most houses that have been done with simple taste and style, it was well worth seeing.

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. R. H. C. Probert gave a dance for their daughter Camilla at Bevills, the 15th-century home in Bures, Suffolk, of her grandfather, Colonel G. O. C. Probert. The front of the house and its gardens were floodlit by lighting installed by Lt.-Col. Probert



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



# MINSTER WEDDING

Susan, the second daughter of Mr. Guy Chamberlin of Shefford House, Newbury, and the late Mrs. Chamberlin, was married at Lambourn Minster, to the Earl of Ronaldshay, eldest son of the Marquess & Marchioness of Zetland, of Aske, Richmond, Yorkshire. The bride had nine attendants. Two pageboys were Quintin Payne Cook and the Hon. Danny Beckett; three child bridesmaids were Emma Rose, the Hon. Harriet Beckett (see opposite page) and Elizabeth Payne Cook; four older bridesmaids were Miss Nicola Chamberlin (the bride's sister), Miss Carolyn Christie, Miss Gillian Twiss and Miss Jane Wainman. The best man was Mr. Ronald Norman. A reception was held at Shefford House



1 Miss Virginia Norman, Miss Angela Sheffield and Mr. James Norman

2 Miss Penelope Hill and Major Peter Welsh

3 Miss Margaret McKay with her fiancée Mr. James Chilton

4 The bridal train: Miss Jane Wainman, Miss Carolyn Christie, Miss Gillian Twiss, Miss Nicola Chamberlin, sister of the bride. In front are the Hon. Danny Beckett, Elizabeth Payne Cook and Quintin Payne Cook

5 Lord David Dundas, the bridegroom's brother, with Mrs. Alex Rose, the bride's sister, and her daughter Emma Rose

6 Miss Jenifer Wontner with her brother Mr. Giles Wontner

# A COURSE FOR BOTH HOUSES

Members of the Lords and the Commons as well as clerical staffs and the police forces in attendance at Westminster provided the competitors and spectators for the Parliamentary Golf Handicap played over the Old Course at the Walton Heath Golf Club

1 Sizing up the opposition, Mr. William Deedes, Tory M.P. for Ashford and Minister without Portfolio

2 Sir Robert Grimston, Bt., M.P. for the Westbury Division of Wiltshire, with the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, who is M.P. for the Cities of London & Westminster

3 Putting at the 18th hole; Mr. F. Taylor, M.P. for Moss Side, Manchester

4 Sir Spencer Summers, M.P. for Aylesbury, watches Police Constable Peter Garrard driving off from the first tee

5 Mr. Ronald Ledger, Labour M.P. for Romford, with his partner, P.C. Garrard

6 Sir Robert Speed, Counsel to the Speaker, with Mr. William Whitelaw, M.P. for Penrith and the Border



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

# LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

It was good to see Sir William MacTaggart, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, standing with his wife at the top of the imposing flight of marble stairs at Edinburgh's Academy. Sir William, sufficiently recovered from his serious illness, was receiving the 400 guests at the reception to mark the opening of the 138th annual exhibition.

This is always a very glamorous occasion. One sees many well-known Scots artists and their pictures together, and it is also one of the few functions in Edinburgh where everyone wears evening dress, decorations too. Adding extra splendour were the rich maroon and burgundy robes worn by members of the Academy's Council. Scots architect, Ian G. Lindsay, added his own particular brand of splendour, clad from head to foot in the tartan of his Clan.

## WALKING PORTRAIT

Dr. Anne Redpath was there with her son, David Michie, who was recently elected an Associate Member of the R.S.A., Benno Schotz, well-known in Scotland and beyond for his sculpture, came from Glasgow with his wife. Glasgow portrait painter, David Donaldson, was there too. His portrait of Stephens Orr in Highland dress has created favourable comment. And there to prove just how good an interpretative portraitist Mr. Donaldson is, was Stephens Orr himself, looking every stalwart inch the Highland gentleman. The Consular Corps was well represented. I noticed tall, elegant Frau Theusner, wife of Edinburgh's Consul of

the Federal Republic of Germany, and Madame Charles Renner, wife of the French Consul-General in Scotland.

## A NOSE FOR BARGAINS

Edinburgh's American Consul-General, Mr. Elias McQuaid, was prowling around conscientiously, trying to see the pictures through the crowd. Mr. McQuaid tells me he usually buys some pictures representative of the art in each country in which he is stationed. He hasn't yet had a chance to do so in Scotland, but already thinks Scots artists offer better value for money than any others he has come across. I also talked to Robin Philipson who recently returned from America where he was visiting Professor in the Faculty of Art at Boulder, Colorado University.

Among the more decorative guests were Kathleen and Margaret Moodie, artist daughters of the late Donald Moodie who, at the time of his death last year, was secretary of the R.S.A. Margaret showed a pleasant water colour of Iona, that magical island which she paints frequently and lovingly. Some of her father's works were shown—as were some by the late Joan Eardley, Penelope Beaton and Georges Braque—as a memorial tribute.

## WHITE ROSES FOR THE BRIDE

A wedding of wide interest both in Scotland and abroad was that of Miss Holly Urquhart, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Urquhart of Craigston Castle, Aberdeenshire, to Signor Fabrizio Pratesi, son of Signore Evandro Pratesi and of

Donna Olympia Pratesi di Testi Dalminuta of Rome.

The wedding took place at the Roman Catholic Church of the Annunciation, Portsoy, and about 350 guests—many of them from Italy—attended the reception held afterwards at Craigston Castle.

The bride wore a beautiful and unusual long white dress of wild silk simply cut, and a matching long white silk coat. The ensemble was made from a design which she had brought back from Italy.

## A ROYAL PAGE

The bridesmaids—all three years old—behaved impeccably during the long service. They were Amanda Pelham-Burn, Polly Fry and Alice Ramsay. The page was Prince Nikolas of Yugoslavia.

Among many gifts received by the young couple were an inscribed silver salver from the Craigston tenantry, a silver rose bowl from the estate office workers and a French clock from the farm workers.

After their honeymoon in the Greek islands Signor and Signora Pratesi will return to Rome where Signor Pratesi is an architect. He is building their new house on the outskirts of Rome but, as it will not be finished for about a year, they will live in the meantime in a furnished flat in Rome which has been lent to them by Signor Pratesi's father.

The wedding is not the only important event in the Urquhart family's calendar this year. In August the youngest daughter, Georgia, will have her coming-out ball at Craigston Castle.



STEPHENS ORR



## HOLIDAY DANCERS

Guests at the annual Easter Holiday Ball in Edinburgh's Assembly Rooms helped augment the funds of the Scottish branch of the National Playing Fields Association

- 1 Mrs. Michael Preston and Mrs. T. Snowball from Edinburgh
- 2 Miss Rosemary Drew, from Kilmacolm, and Mr. Michael Dickson, from Glasgow
- 3 Mr. Simon Martin, from Kelso, and Miss Bridget Bowring, from Lancaster

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The sierras fringe Madrid, the skiers jaunt out on weekends from the city. Peter Carvell sets the scene. Richard Swayne took the pictures

From Madrid, the winter city, the roads stream emptily to Toledo, Avila, Aranjuez and Escorial. But the Lion's Pass over the mountains to Segovia is packed every weekend. In the V-shaped hollow at the top of the pass, 37 miles and less than an hour's drive from Madrid, nestles Navacerrada, one of Spain's leading ski resorts, packed with snow from Christmas until the end of April.

No one had ever heard of it until an American visitor, exploring the Guadarrama mountains, came across a hut in a small valley. The slopes were covered with snow, but the sun shone down on a collection of men playing cards outside the hut. They were all Nazi criminals wanted by the Allies for trial.

The country around is an outlaw backdrop; even in snow, boulders stand out against the sky, twisted stunted pines dot the landscape, and you could swear that was John Wayne riding across the ridge. Two minutes from the top of the ski-lift it's still Shane country and you ski silently into the world of the Wild West.

Navacerrada is not the traditional high-powered, highly organized, high-societied ski resort. It's not—at least not yet—full of boutiques and *gluwein* dives, slapped knees and fancy dress balls. It's not—not yet—a tourist resort. The Madrileños flock out there on Saturdays and Sundays, packing into coaches from the Plaza España, or strapping their skis on their Seat cars and taking part in the weekly Navacerrada Grand Prix on the mountain bends. The atmosphere is relaxed and intimate. The good skiers go off to the Bola del Mundo; the rest find their way to the Escaparate. Priests, taking a pre-lunch



# THE SIERRA SKIERS

stroll, try a gentle slide and hang on to their hats; grandma, still wearing her black robes and huge boots, watches her grandchildren taking lessons; the elders stroll along the paths as if they were still on the Gran Via in Madrid, the children half kill themselves on toboggans, and the beginners go up the French meat hook through the trees to the silence of the top.

The Bola del Mundo, where the telesillas take you up over 7,000 feet, is where the experts go. The three runs are marked *difícil*, *media dificultad* and *beginners*—and the last means anyone in the first four

years. The slopes on this side of the valley are treeless and twice as steep. Families keep clear and sit on the terrace gulping cognac and gaping down the snow-run. It's here that the championships are held.

Navacerrada is known in Madrid as the Kingdom of the Three Arias, and Luis the youngest is King of these slopes. When the only people ever to venture up the valley 40 years ago were some Norwegians they found Eleuterio Arias already there. He was just a guide. Today his sons own half the hotels, the nightclub, a share in the company running the four ski-lifts, and the skiing school. Miguel, the oldest of the brothers, looks after the Hotel Arias; Pepe is usually found at the Venta Arias; and Luis controls the National Ski Schools which have instructors in all the skiing centres.

Spain has entered the skiing world late. Though almost the most mountainous country in Europe no one thought of going

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*The feeling is more of a mountain village than a ski resort. The slopes are never crowded: no hordes of beginners taking classes, no queuing for lifts, no collisions. A few yards off the beaten track, and a silent world unfolds among the stunted pines and virgin snow. And yet it is not expensive: a good room, three meals with wine, use of ski-lifts for the day, hiring of skis and boots and a couple of cognacs thrown in still leaves change from £3*





Pepe Arias, middle member of the trio of brothers who between them practically run Navacerrada. Pepe was Spain's champion skier from 1943 to 1948, now teaches. The Guardia Civil stroll the slopes (opposite page), priests and old people take a gentle slide too. At dusk most visitors return to Madrid during the weekdays, but at weekends the resort bursts into life; bars are noisy, the terraces come out in deckchairs and there is skiing by moonlight with torches

there to ski until a few years ago; now developments are in full swing. In Nuria and La Molina, the big centres of the Pyrenees skiing, two hours away from Barcelona, new facilities are added each year. Complete new skiing centres are being built in the Sierra Nevada around Granada and at Pajares near Santander. Luis Arias is planning a resort in the Valle de Aran in the Pyrenees and another in Los Cotos, five miles away from Navacerrada. Luis was the champion of Spain from 1949 to 1960. But his brothers were earlier winners. "Miguel was champion from '40 to '42, then Pepe from '43 to '48, and then I took over until 1960." His green eyes looked sad. "But now I'm 33, and we are all too old."

The hotels of Navacerrada have rooms for only 250 people and so midweek night life is completely unorganized, centring round the nightclub for dancing and the bars for cognac and conversation. On most nights the talk is in Spanish, French or English and, if you go when King Umberto is up, Italian as well. Skiing is just beginning to be fashionable in Madrid society. Prince Juan Carlos, Don Alfonso de Bourbon, the Marques de Villaverde and his wife, the daughter of General Franco, are often there. Others are following their example.

March and April are the best months to go. The sun shines on the pavement cafés in Madrid and the heavy spring snows have covered Navacerrada. When we left there just before Easter the flowers were growing on the hillside at the bottom of the pass, but at Navacerrada the snow was thick and deep. The day before, Luis Arias' St. Bernard dog, Gino, had fallen down a crack in the snow and had to be rescued by a skier. I don't believe the end of the story that the skier then took out a hip flask and gave Gino a drink. But it's the sort of thing that happens there.





# A FUNNY THING HAPPENED... TO DIANA GRAVES

The trouble about Operation Charlie Boy was that it took place on a Sunday. Goodness knows we were all equipped in our different ways for a mission of that sort. The business man, after all, was used to financial transactions; the airman had once been a test pilot and had never lost his sense of adventure, and I could speak French which is, I can tell you without boasting, an asset in most foreign countries but proved to be of only minor importance in Madeira where people talk Portuguese and that's that.

The fact is that in the course of a rather queasy voyage through the Bay of Biscay on our way to South Africa we had learned that Charlie Boy, the Captain's budgerigar, was not at all himself. He seemed to be moping and was off his food. He no longer preened himself in front of his mirror and the Chief Officer had noticed a tear stealing down the poor bird's beak. His diet was clearly not first class. Deeply disturbed, the three of us offered the Captain a consoling whisky and promised him that the moment we reached Madeira we would eschew the pleasures of a three-hour tour round the island and buy Charlie Boy some really fab seed straight, as one might say, from the Canaries' mouth. The Captain replied, with some acerbity, that not only was Madeira nowhere near the Canary Islands but there wasn't a chance of buying bird seed on a Sunday in any part of the world. Unabashed by our topographical error and prematurely flushed with success we assured him that a combination like us could buy a sari in the Orkneys, even if they proved to be the Shetlands.

At crack of dawn the following morning we disembarked at Funchal. The quay was pullulating with vendors of tablecloths and taxi drivers clamouring for our fares. We courteously refused all their blandishments and said we had a certain obligation to perform in the town. They understood neither English nor French, nor, as it turned out German, Italian or Arabic.

"We will take," said one of my companions, "a bullock cart. That man with a squint appears to have a certain liveliness in his right eye."

Dutifully, we clambered into a kind of sledge on skis with an awning overhead

drawn by two woebegone oxen, and sitting back told the driver to take us to a birdseed shop. He gave us a look of total incomprehension and gazed stolidly North-North-West. The three of us bundled out and started waving our arms, cheeping and pecking at the ground. Used as he was to the vagaries of the foreign traveller he replaced us, still cheeping, into the vehicle, whipped up his oxen and started pell mell up the hill to the nearest volcano, clearly under the delusion that we wanted to soar like birds above the mountain top. "No! Nein! Non! La!" We shouted as we skidded through the town. "Police! Halt at a policeman! At Interpol!" Indistinguishable from Jehu he careered through the street uttering cries of both despair for himself and encouragement for the oxen.

Fortunately, just before we emerged from the town we were obliged to stop at the lights. A policeman strolled up, and grabbing him by the lapels we described our dilemma. He didn't understand a word so we all got out and repeated our fluttering gyrations. The airman, who had arthritis, was only able to raise his arms to half-mast, but even then he gave a first class exhibition of a bird in distress.

The arm of the law, cocooned by a posse of bystanders and unused, perhaps, to Method acting, failed to register.

Desperately we pulled out our travellers' cheques and drew pitiful pictures of a moping bird pecking at some seed. Poor Charlie Boy looked successively like a wren, an eagle and a hen, and the birdseed like pebbles or splashes of rain. Nobody was with us. Still cheeping and chirping the others bent over and started scratching at the ground while I kept up an endless litany of "*nous avons un oiseau bleu qui est malade.*" Suddenly a look of comprehension suffused the policeman's face.

"*L'oiseau Bleu!*" he shouted happily. "*Oui! Oui! Si!*" and gave the driver some complicated directions. Ten minutes later we debouched at a bric-à-brac shop called indeed, "The Blue Bird." It didn't look promising but by a merciful stroke of fortune the owners turned out to be Belgians, who immediately understood our problem. A bird was ill and on such

an occasion the day of the week was unimportant. There were some people down the hill who were affiliated to a warehouse. They would surely help. The patron would escort me while my friends were at liberty to browse around the shop. Holding this admirable man's hand I tottered down the vertiginous cobbles to a minuscule, peeling cottage from which, after our thunderous knocks, tumbled like fruit from a cornucopia, five young men in various stages of undress. We explained the situation and without even putting on jackets they enjoined us to keep calm, wait for one hour and they would be back with some birdseed. Then they tore off towards the outskirts of Funchal.

When we got back to the shop, still hand in hand, we found that my friends, feeling in duty bound to repay the kindness of these good Belgians, had bought £9 worth of tablecloths, hats, toys and handbags, and having run out of money, were feeling a bit dejected. Operation Charlie Boy had become more expensive than we had reckoned. With £2 about my person I invited them to join me in a *vin du pays* while we waited for the young men to return. In Madeira there is no *vin du pays*. There is just Madeira. We ordered a bottle and realised, after the first half hour, that though it might be an excellent aperitif in a cold climate it was murderous at ten in the morning in Madeira.

A dreadful gloom spread over us. As we broached the second bottle the airman became vaguely lachrymose and started worrying about Charlie Boy's undercarriage and whether or not he would have to be buried at sea. The business man, by now wearing a tiny Madeiran cap, was more sanguine. The budgerigar, he informed us, was suffering from lack of proteins. What he needed was a drink mixed with his birdseed. If the operation was ever concluded we would give him six little dishes of seed mixed with vodka, whisky, gin, port, rum and Madeira. He could make his choice.

At zero hour we tottered back to the shop. The five young men were waiting with seven kilos of grain, enough to keep an entire family of vultures nourished for a lifetime. They refused any payment except for the remains of our second bottle and, grinning at the thought of Charlie Boy's imminent recovery, escorted us back to the ship.

Charlie Boy had his six cocktails, fell several times off his perch in the course of the next few days, but rapidly improved. By the time we reached the equator he, dehydrated no doubt by the great heat, was his old self.

Four months later, sailing back on the same ship, I inquired after his health. It was, it seemed, perfect, but he had developed a strong *penchant* for Madeira wine. In a sense Operation Charlie had clearly been successful, though my conscience disturbs me at the thought that we may have turned Charlie into an inveterate an inebriate as that much maligned bird, the coot.

# SHOPPING FOR SPECIALITIES

The shopper is HELEN BURKE who conducts a tour of four of London's best-known centres for foods from Germany, France, Italy and China. The pictures are by Dmitri Kasterine



## CHINA TRADER

**A**t the Hong Kong Emporium in Rupert Street, where Mrs. Bella Young, widow of the founder, Chong Mong Young, is in charge, there is a wealth of ready-to-eat Chinese foods including the exciting raw materials for Chinese dishes that are becoming increasingly popular in Britain—hardly a week goes by without news of yet

another Chinese restaurant being opened in London or a provincial city. To the store in Rupert Street from Hong Kong and Formosa, come canned bamboo shoots, beat curd (red and white), bean sprouts, bitter melon and water chestnuts—all of these play important parts in Chinese cuisine. Freshly sprouted beans are usually obtainable or you can buy

the beans and sprout them yourself—it's as easy as growing mustard and cress. The dried goods include beche-de-mer (sea cucumber), birds' nests and shark fins (both for soups), all kinds of noodles (chicken, Divine Dragon, Long Life and Min Sin), black mushrooms, sliced water melon and exotic foods like sesame seeds and water-lily shoots. The mushrooms, at 25s. a pound, are expensive but they are light in weight and you get

a lot for the money. Behind smiling Ying Lai (holding a basket of fresh root ginger in the picture), are many jars of spices and herbs and items like prawn and shrimp crackers which are perfect appetizers—the Chinese use the term for what we would regard as hors d'oeuvres. The Hong Kong has the well-known China teas—Jasmine, Oolong, Lap Sang, and, more exotic, Chrysanthemum Flower tea. Bottled goods include Oyster Sauce, Sesame Oil

and a variety of Soya Sauces. Canned fruits in syrup include ginger, lichees, kumquats and that delicious mixture known as "Chow Chow." The Chinese kitchen is one of the oldest in the world and has contributed more to Occidental tables than most people would suppose. The Hong Kong Emporium is a good starting point for an adventure in delicious cookery. It contains a grand mélange of everything one can think of.

## DELICATESSEN

**D**elicatessen is the German term for sausages of many kinds as well as cooked and prepared meats, vegetables and fish. Any delicatessen you have enjoyed abroad is obtainable in Britain and notably at Schmidt's, of Charlotte Street, W.1, founded in 1901 on its present site by the late Frederick Charles Schmidt and now, much enlarged, in the hands of his son of the same name. What was, more than 60 years ago, a small selection of sausages and

other meats, is now almost an unlimited display. In addition to supplies from the Continent, the firm produces a large range in its own spotless factory on the premises. In the photograph, Mr. Schmidt holds a special boar's head sausage. Various other sausages and meats are on his right, the large dark one being tongue in a blood sausage mixture. Predictably herrings are prominent among the fish—Bismarck herring, roll mops, matjesherring and herring in aspic. There are also such

smoked fish as eel, salmon and (herring again !) buckling. I remember Schmidt's as far back as 1930 when, on specially busy days, I would call in for a mixed "aufschnitt" to take home. Aufschnitt means, literally, "sliced off" and these wafer-thin slices of all kinds of sausages and cooked meats are still specialities of the house. Schmidt's pack the various items, separately, between sheets of greaseproof paper which need only to be peeled off for the

meats to be arranged on a platter. To serve with them, there are Pumpernickel, a special rye bread imported from Westphalia, various salads (potato and the like), such pickled vegetables as sauerkraut and gherkins and pickles of many other kinds. Three new sweet ones are Hollywood Saad (celery, pineapple and lemon), Ananasgurken (mustard gherkins and pineapple) and Spanish Salad (a glorious mixture of gherkins, onions, celery and sweet peppers).



Probably, the oldest-established Italian food shop in London—King Bomba, of Soho—was founded in 1892 by Signor Doliagni on the site in Old Compton Street it still occupies. People who have holidayed in Italy come here for the specialities of that country or the ingredients for the local dishes they liked best. Signor Eugenio Celori—known to all around simply as Eugenio—has served behind that counter for more than 50 years. King Bomba's prosciutto (raw

Parma ham) is the finest obtainable. It must be 12 months old before it is cut into wafer-thin slices. Parma ham with ripe melon or Conference pears or black figs has become one of the most popular hors d'oeuvres combinations. Another antipasta is green bacon Pancetta. Best known of all ready-to-eat meats from Italy is salami, the world's most choice. Shown in the picture is a variety of it. On the left, hangs a Zampone, a boned pig foot and shank filled with minced

pork. Cotechino is another sausage type of similar minced pork. Selections of assorted antipasti, ready to be served, cost from 3s. 9d. to 16s. These come in jars or plates. Cheeses include Parmesan and other famous Italian products. The large really creamy one in front of Eugenio is from the Gorgonzola Society. Other antipasti, in jars or cans, include anchovies, artichokes, gherkins, stuffed olives, sweet peppers (green, red and yellow) and tunny fish. As a dressing there is

super-fine olive oil. King Bomba has every shape and size of pasta (macaroni, spaghetti and vermicelli), ranging from tiny stars, shells and letters of the alphabet (for soups) to canelloni (for stuffing), lasagne and ravioli. Sauces to serve with them (four varieties) can be bought here at the same time. King Bomba has added canned Greek products to his wares. These include okra and such stuffed vegetables as aubergines, peppers and tomatoes. There are stuffed vine leaves, too.





**B**eing a French house, Louis Roche, in Old Compton Street, deals more in "Delices" than "Delicatessen." The firm was founded towards the end of the last century and is now owned by two cousins, Colin and Kathleen Kennedy. The present shop was opened by Miss Kennedy's father in 1929. Roche specializes in air-borne foods from France—fresh frogs' legs, sardines and snails (escargots), some of these last alive and some cooked and in their shells with garlic butter, ready to be heated through.

Vegetables, too—weeks before they appear anywhere else, the earliest come here by air from France. At the height of their season, the largest and most delicious spears of asparagus are to be found in Old Compton Street. Just now, Roche has Mange-tout peas, every part of which—pods and all—is edible. Colin Kennedy, in the photograph, has a large sack of snails in front and three "sticks" of frogs' legs in his left hand. On his right are tubs of Rillettes with, in front of them, a country pâté composed of meats of rather coarser cut which many people prefer. These pâtés from France are exclusive to the house of Roche. There are Arab foods, too, from North Africa, canned vegetables galore, and herbs. Those who have relished sea

bass grilled over burning dried fennel twigs will find the "fuel" here! Only here will you find small cans of concentrated fruit purees—pineapple, raspberry and strawberry—for the making of cream ices. And this is the only house where I have found walnut oil. Roche also features coffee. The beans are freshly roasted and ground to your requirements—fine, medium or coarse. Another feature: French cream cheeses arrive here by air.

## DELICES

# Bahamas breakaway

Almost before the plane wings into Nassau airport, the island-in-the-sun magic begins to work. Turquoise water, miles-long white beaches, feathery palm trees, brilliant hibiscus and oleanders, hot calypso music and long, ice-cold drinks . . . all are spell-bindingly there. Our team, which made the smooth ten-hour flight in a B.O.A.C. Rolls-Royce 707 jet plane to bring back these sun-soaked pictures, included fashion editor Unity Barnes and photographer Norman Eales



An off-sea breeze whips the palm trees on Paradise Beach. The hooded beach coat, to wrap over a wet swimsuit, is in black and white towelling, white-lined, from Slimma Group I by David Bond, 4 gns. at Derry & Toms



On Paradise Island, a five-minute boat trip away from Nassau, the Ocean Club has a mile of powdery white beaches below Italianate gardens, lawns and terraces. The tangerine Courtelle tunic over smooth white Bermuda shorts is by John Bates at Jean Varon, 14 gns. from Merle, South Kensington and Notting Hill Gate; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds. Gilt chain bracelet by Adrien Mann at Peter Robinson, Strand. *Opposite page:* Nassau's oldest hotel, the Royal Victoria, built a

century ago, was patronized by the blockade-runners in the American Civil War. Surrounded now by tropical gardens, the hotel has been skilfully brought up to date without losing its *Gone With The Wind* charm. The girl on the balcony wears a forget-me-not blue linen dress with a Madeira-embroidered jacket buttoning down the back. By Atrima, 28 gns. at Harvey Nichols; MacDonalds, Glasgow. The aloof character on the floor above keeps cool in a light blue tropical suit of Terylene and worsted, £21 from Harrods





*Opposite page:* Two flowery prints are photographed in a window at the Bahamas Country Club. *Left* is a sleek dress in a linen-weave fabric patterned in soft pinks, blues and greens, by Avantgarde, 16½ gns. at John Michael, Marylebone High Street; Lotinga, Norwich; Roberts Brothers, Sheffield. *Right*, a jumper suit in sharp citrus colours has a rolled collar looped softly at the back. By Susan Small, 12½ gns. at Maya Boutique, Northways Parade, N.W.3; Alderley Boutique,

Alderley Edge; Haslett, Weybridge.

*Below:* Nowhere in the Bahamas can you be far from the sparkle of the blue water. Here, at the Nassau Harbour Club, ocean-going yachts are moored at a marina only a few feet from the clubhouse. The white Crimplene jersey dress, nautically edged with navy, is by County Sports, 12½ gns. at Harrods; Boothroyds, Southport. The matelot-striped cotton sweater with a scarlet band at the hem is £3 5s. from Harrods







For lazy, aimless days in the sun, a free and easy dress in cool, white Terylene chiffon spotted with sugar pink. By Dorville, 14 gns. at Harrods; Florence Wood, Leeds; Olive Walton, Moseley.

*Left:* Sundays in Nassau are filled with the sound of singing, carried on the warm air from the open doors of countless whitewashed churches. This cheerful bunch of children were on their way home from Sunday school. The linen-textured sightseeing dress, Paisley-printed in tropical greens, is by Rembrandt, 6 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove; Alexander Wilkie, Edinburgh; Bobby, Bournemouth



Water skiers tear long patterns in the water off the beach of the Nassau Beach Hotel. For swimming or skiing or just taking a quiet boat-ride home, is Rose Marie Reid's velvety white Helanca swim-suit printed with huge amber and navy flowers, 13½ gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Birmingham



GOOD LOOKS BY  
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

## THE FULL TREATMENT

The most painless way to find out about what's inside all those pretty pots on the beauty counters is to visit the salon of the manufacturer concerned for a facial. Then someone with an insider's knowledge can get a good look at your skin in its natural state. Though their opinion is obviously a biased one it is worth ten of those cursory glances across the counter from a salesgirl who is viewing you in full make-up under foxing artificial light.

Have the full treatment at Lancome and Guerlain (particularly good at subtle French make-ups).

Elizabeth Arden have 85 salons in stores as well as their luxe place in Bond Street. Try their special Egg and Oil Masque treatment or a half-hour cleanse and make-up for 1 guinea. Arden will send a girl to your home for a home treatment lesson. She will teach all the latest techniques in make-up or anything that bothers you, like how to apply foolproof artificial eyelashes. This costs 37s. 6d.

Joy Byrne has two useful treatments at her Albemarle Street salon. One is super for brides—this is called a top-to-toe and includes body massage, facial, shampoo and set, manicure, pedicure, make-up for £4 14s. 6d. The headdress can be brought to the salon and a style worked out beforehand. Something called a Before Dinner Freshener (17s. 6d.) is marvellous for anyone who has to go out straight from the office. A shower, make-up and comb-out completes the treatment.

The picture shows a treatment at Gerard Austen at Carita where the skin is being given a cooling blast of atomized tonic water.

COUNTERSPY  
BY ELIZABETH  
WILLIAMSON

# WAFFER THINS

The vital statistics of the watch have shrunk. But these editions of minute depth have the same sturdy vitality as their stouter counterparts

1 Barely boned Omega gold watch, set square: £64 10s. at J. W. Benson

2 Smooth gold watch by Boucheron of outstanding elegance. Slung on a plain crocodile strap with a hidden fastening: £205

3 Oval (new shape to notice) black-faced dial surrounded doubly with diamonds and strapped in gold.

Piaget, £543 at Garrard

4 Slim Jim version of

the hunter, pared down

by Piaget and given a

textured surface.

£368 at Asprey

5 Thin watch with a sporty look by International at Watches of Switzerland: £99 10s.

6 Rectangular gold face by Corum at Carrington: £82

7 Cushion shaped watch set on a chipped-away gold strap by Piaget: £420 at Collingwood

8 Ubiquitous little gold watch set in a stippled gold frame: £310 at Kutchinsky

9 Man's round Vacheron et Constantin set on a gold strap: £390 at Watches of Switzerland

10 Very smooth Bueche Girod with the strap built onto the watch face: £159 at Watches of Switzerland

11 Square gold watch tapering off towards the fastening. Eternomatic at Kutchinsky: £244 10s.

12 Man's gold Movado on a crocodile strap gives simplicity without chi chi: £205 at Mappin & Webb



# on plays

## PRELUDE TO HISTORY

The Royal Shakespeare Company open their new season in this quatercentenary year with a production of **Richard II** that is admirably cast, beautifully mounted and adds up to one of those thoroughly satisfying evenings in the theatre which one may experience perhaps two or three times in a year. For this, unquestionably, is one of Shakespeare's great plays, uncomplicated even by the intricate plot and counterplot of feuding nobles and with a central character whom we see growing, changing and developing from scene to scene.

Understandably, this is a part actors from Kean to Tree have wanted to play: as demanding as it is rewarding in the right hands. Here it has been given to young Mr. David Warner, whose Henry VI was so admirably done, but who, it might have been feared, lacked the weight of experience to tackle so long and so subtle a characterization. As it turns out, he proves a fine choice and his considerable personal success is one of the pleasures of the production. Mr. Eric Porter's Bolingbroke, suave and dangerous, shares the honours with him and with the three directors, Mr. Peter Hall, Mr. John Barton and Mr. Clifford Williams, in a theatrical experiment which spells success from first to last.

With this play, to be followed immediately by both parts of *Henry IV*, and on to the sequence we saw earlier, culminating in *Richard III*, the company have achieved something never attempted before in all the 400 years of playing a chronological series which illustrate a century of England's history—and one of the most significant centuries at that. It has been a tremendously ambitious undertaking and with this, the opening play, we see it fully justified.

Richard, as we first meet him, is both young and shallow, but enough of a king to order the banishment of the quarrelling Mowbray and Bolingbroke; enough of a cynic to annex the fortune of the dead John of Gaunt, Bolingbroke's father, to pay for his wars in Ireland. With Richard absent on his campaign, Bolingbroke returns to England to claim his own, which at first he maintains are only his seized estates. Many

of the King's forces rally to him, however; he executes two of Richard's favourites and, by the time Richard returns, is in a position powerful enough to imprison the king and virtually force him to relinquish to him not only his fortune but the crown itself. Richard, on his way now to his last imprisonment at Pomfret Castle, parts tenderly from his queen, who is sent to France, and at Bolingbroke's command later meets his death by assassination. Bolingbroke is now Henry IV and the stage, in every sense, is set for the ensuing history of force and usurpation.

With the tragic changes in his life and with his own star setting, Richard grows in stature as man and, as he believes, divinely appointed king. His love for his country is revealed as deep and true, though he regards those of his people who have defected to Bolingbroke as deeply treasonous as the rebellious lords themselves. In his last days in prison, changed and ragged, he

reaches a real nobility of spirit, though resignation comes hardly to him. "I wasted time, and now doth time waste me...." The change has come gradually upon him, a development rather than a switch in natures, and with great subtlety David Warner marks the mutations.

Mr. Roy Dotrice is a majestic John of Gaunt, speaking his great "England" speech with an intense feeling rather than declaiming it as the great passage of poetry that it is. He was less happy, I thought, later in the play as Hotspur and had a little trouble with his Scots accent, which seemed to keep skidding away from his grasp. Perhaps, as he comes more fully into the part during *Henry IV*, we shall see him establish himself. This kind of progression from play to play is one of the delights of a great sequence such as this.

Of the production, with its changes of pace and mood, its fine understanding of Shakespeare's verse and meaning, it would be difficult to speak too highly. This, as the audience enthusiastically showed, is a triumph in its own way. The settings, too, by Mr. John Bury match it in grimness or in splendour. All in all, a handful of wonderful hours of true theatre.

*David Warner extends his portrait gallery of kings at Stratford-upon-Avon where the Royal Shakespeare Company opened their birthday celebration season with him in the title role of Richard II. Later he will repeat his Henry VI as The Wars of the Roses re-joins the repertory*



ELSPETH GRANT

## on films

DREDGE UP THAT TEA

Mr. Kirk Douglas was giving us the lowdown on his latest film: "It's about a military plot to overthrow the President and the Constitution of the United States." "Oh, yes?" we said politely. Mr. Douglas gave us a chilly look, thrust out that dimpled chin and said, sorta sneerily: "You don't think that could happen, huh? Why, this kinda thing is happening all the time, all over the place. It could happen right here. The military could get together and seize power overnight and the Government wouldn't know what hit 'em."

There are moments (particularly just after a Budget) when one wishes the Government might experience a smart kick in the slats from some unexpected quarter—but the idea of our top brass cooking up something naughty in the War House struck us as rather comical; maybe Mr. Douglas didn't realize how difficult it would be for anyone to pull off a wide-scale treasonable coup in a country where everything stops for tea and the Test scores, and the general public is less interested in politics than in football pools and the winner of the 2.30. "Well, just you see the film," said Mr. Douglas grimly. So we did. It's called, **Seven Days in May**: and an excellent film it turns out to

be: alarming, too—but only because it shows to what lengths the Americans' hysterical distrust of Russia might drive them.

President Jordan Lyman (superbly played by Mr. Fredric March) has forced through the Senate a nuclear disarmament pact with the U.S.S.R. Ferocious demonstrations outside the White House prove that the move is distinctly unpopular with the civilian population. Among the military, feeling runs even higher: they regard the treaty as a national disaster. Colonel Casey of the Marines (Mr. Kirk Douglas, giving a more cerebral performance than usual) shares that view. All the same, he respects the Constitution and when he stumbles upon a plot, devised by a fanatical four-star General Scott (Mr. Burt Lancaster), for its overthrow he feels it his duty to warn the President. A few trusted friends of the President (including Messrs. Edmond O'Brien and Martin Balsam) are appointed investigators into what the President at first regards as merely an ugly rumour. They unearth a whale of a plot, designed by a military junta to take effect in seven days' time. Mr. John Frankenheimer has directed the film at a tremendous lick and given it a

most exciting semi-documentary flavour. I couldn't be certain whether Mr. Lancaster is meant to be an ardent but misguided patriot or a power-mad popularity-seeker, but anyway his performance is immensely impressive—almost as fine as that of Mr. March, who really should run for President one of these days. Miss Ava Gardner, as the General's one-time mistress, her beauty movingly ravaged, comes up with a splendid piece of dramatic acting, such as we have never seen from her before. One way and another, I think you'll find this film as absorbing as I did.

As a cautionary tale for young louts, **Where Has Poor Mickey Gone?** has its merits and it's rather a pity, I feel, that it has been given an "X" Certificate as it might teach little beasts in their earliest teens to think twice before molesting adults. Four teenage layabouts, looking for kicks, break into the bizarre premises of Mr. Warren Mitchell, an elderly Italian dealer in fairground games and novelties.

After roughing him up in their jolly way, tying him to a chair, guzzling his wine and breaking a few pin-tables, they discover that the old boy used to be a fairground magician, so they order him to give them a show. He invites three of them, one after another, into a flimsy, curtained cabinet—and, lo and behold, they vanish without trace. The fourth little thug, less violent than the others, is scared stiff and

fetches the police but we never do find out where poor Mickey and his horrid chums went. Personally, I don't care, as long as they don't come back. In my view, Mr. Mitchell has rendered society a service and should be encouraged to pursue his lout-elimination programme in a wider field—starting, let's say, with Clacton. Directed by Mr. Gerry Levy and made on a shoestring, this rum little number is not bad fun.

With **The Evil of Frankenstein** ("X" Certificate, of course) we're back in more familiar "horror" country. Dear Mr. Peter Cushing is again the strictly scientific Baron Frankenstein, building monsters out of odd organs filched from dead bogs and galvanizing them into life—though he must know by now this is a dangerous business. He still mourns his first monster (whom he believes to have been destroyed by the ignorant and unfeeling populace) so, on returning from banishment to his castle in Karlstaad—a veritable Palace of The Sleeping Ugly—he is charmed to find the creature has been preserved in ice and, though suffering from a shot in the head, is still capable of galvaniza

Mr. Peter Woodthorpe gives a nastily persuasive performance as a hypnotist who uses the Baron's monster as an instrument of revenge, and a young over-actress called Miss Katy Wild mops and mows as a deaf mute for whom the monster's feelings are almost human. It's all a bit of a bore.



Preparing for a dramatic integration in Bury St. Edmunds are Toby Robertson, Colin Graham and Peter Darrell. Respectively they represent Prospect Productions, the English Opera Group and the Western Theatre Ballet, three companies planning an annual festival at the Theatre Royal in Bury. At a reception there—it's one of the three oldest theatres in the country—the Earl of Euston launched a national appeal for an additional £30,000 needed to complete the restoration of this elegant Regency theatre

# on books

SERIOUS INTENTIONS

Currently, a popular theme in fiction is that of the eminent scientist, working on a state project of highest secrecy and importance, pursued by malignant designs originating in you can guess what country. Paul Gallico, in **The Hand of Mary Constable** (Heinemann 21s.) offers a fresh angle on the idea. Considering his reputation and skill it is a not surprising success. The hand of his dead daughter, victim of leukaemia at the age of 10, appears to direct the great man to abandon "Operation Foxglove," so vital to Western defence. Hoax or genuine manifestation? America is in such a jam about the whole business that the pundits call for Alexander Hero, chief investigator for the British Society for Psychical Research, to lend them, well, another sort of hand. Hero flies to America, has more than one narrow shave from the agents of you guess who, but he solves the riddle in the nick of time, convincing father Constable in the process, which was possibly the trickiest bit of all.

The scene shifts to Africa, and then back to this country, in Julia Mitchell's **The White**

**Father** (Constable 25s.), a novel with serious intentions and a topical slant. What are the chances for a dedicated expert, whose interest and affections are engaged in the affairs of a small and backward African tribe, to gain interest in contemporary London, even at a time when Africa, and independence all round, is so much in the air? Mr. Mitchell is good on the London scene, particularly in conveying the sense of what is rather more than detachment (I should call it non-connection) on the part of many who should, on the face of it, be involved.

An equally serious book with an African background, this time Eastern Nigeria some decades ago, is Chinua Achebe's **Arrow of Gold** (Heinemann 21s.). Its understanding of tribal characteristics, and the good sense with which the author writes makes the work a pleasure to read.

Another out-of-the-way setting is to be found in James A. Michener's novel **Caravans** (Heinemann 25s.). This time it is Afghanistan, and there is even an end-paper map showing the whole scene from Samar-

kand to Quetta. The personalities are American, and the tale is notable for descriptions of life on what is not inappropriately called "the roof of the world," of which the author has considerable knowledge. The hero's quest is for Ellen Jaspars, daughter of a United States senator, and her adventures with a tribe of nomads are quite something.

Alasdair Alpin MacGregor's **The Golden Lamp** (Michael Joseph 25s.), is a vessel of the kind that burns midnight oil, and his book is the first part of what promises to be a long and very detailed autobiography. I share the author's view of the meagre wordly rewards to writers, though after all nobody is forced to try to live by the pen. It is good to find so eloquent a tribute to the Scots landlady who helped Mr. MacGregor in the earlier days of his career: I am also half-stunned with admiration for anyone who has the temerity to challenge the validity of the Chieftainship of a Clan.

I had great hopes that the bounder whose character-study occupies much of Julian Prescott's **Case for Court** (Arthur Barker 18s.) was going to meet a sticky death, but, such is fate, he was as flourishing at the end as the beginning. The author swishes us into the heart of the legal world, whose talk and doings are so enthralling to the outsider, at least

until he comes bump up against it. Mr. Prescott has Garrett Matheson, O.B.E., T.D., to the whisker. A pompous boor of the highest calibre, it is sad to record that what seemed to be an excellent prospect of his being brought low by a quick and sympathetic rival came to nothing. Mr. Prescott must have enjoyed drawing this creature, but I'm sorry Matheson got away with such bluster, for he is obviously based on reality.

The enthusiastic publisher—it is his way—spreads himself all over the yellow jacket of **Old Mali and the Boy** (Gollancz 16s.) by D. R. Sherman, to tell the world how very good this long-short story is. It concerns the affection between a 12-year-old white boy and an old gardener; the setting, India. Mr. Gollancz is right, it is good, and two passages stand out: the first is Mali's description of how he once killed a bear caught in a steel trap, and the other occurs when the boy, his devoted friend, has to try to rescue Mali himself from the same predicament.

Though prison to prison is the alpha and omega of Michael Baldwin's **A Mouthful of Gold** (Secker and Warburg 18s.), I can promise any venturer some lively writing in between. Fred Turner—I can scarcely call him the hero—uses that graphic idiom which is now so general that perhaps they teach it in the Scrubs.

GERALD LASCELLES

# on records

TRANSITION

During the 1940's people who were in close touch with the American jazz scene and, of course, record collectors were unconsciously witnessing the first stages of an important transition. It is easy to look back 20 years and pinpoint the subtle changes of style, phrasing and harmony employed by the various musicians who contributed to this change, but it was much harder for people on the spot to realize what was happening. This was further complicated by the fact that musicians adopting the early bop style would often be teamed with conventional ones.

No single record company could have hoped to have preserved all the essential ingredients of this transition, but the then newly formed Capitol label was fortunate enough to

have recorded a substantial cross-section of **Jazz of the forties**, the first volume of which is subtitled *Swing into Bebop*. It opens with some conventional large and small swing groups of the period, and includes some of the names associated with the early bop style, notably Dizzy Gillespie, Illinois Jacquet, Dexter Gordon and Max Roach. Unfortunately the prime mover, Charlie Parker, was prevented by contract from appearing on Capitol. One of the best sessions, by the Capitol Jazzmen, features Bill Coleman on trumpet, Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins on saxophone, and Buster Bailey on clarinet. The last two tracks are by the poll-winning Metronome All Stars, in one case backed by the entire Stan Kenton band, which was at the

peak of its popularity in 1947, where this volume closes.

The second volume, *Bebop into Cool*, covers the later stage of the transition from 1948 to 1951. There is less satisfactory spread of material, with four tracks devoted to bop singer Babs Gonzales, and two of the Metronome All Stars. One of the most interesting is Benny Goodman's Septet playing *Stealin' apples*, in which two important musicians are featured, trumpeter Fats Navarro and tenorman Wardell Gray. Both are now dead, but left strong influences on the later phase of bop. You can also hear a remarkable *avant-garde* track, *Intuition*, contributed by the Lennie Tristano sextet. Even before this piece was recorded, in 1949, he was regarded as the most advanced jazzman of his time, and there seems to be conclusive proof that he initiated what is now called the abstract form as a jazz medium. Two other interesting points for the historian are that John Coltrane and Paul Gonsalves are to be found in the reed sec-

tion of Dizzy Gillespie's 1950 band playing *Coast to Coast*; Miles Davis used both Jay Jay Johnson on trombone and Gunther Schuller on French horn in his band of the same vintage.

In brief: musicians featured in the *Jazz of the forties* are still active today. Benny Goodman re-creates his famous pre-bop quartet music in **Together again** (RCA Victor), light and flippant, and full of melody. **Fats Navarro Memorial**—Vol. I (Realm) provides real food for thought on Fats' merits, and I shall have more to say about it next month. **Bill Harris and friends** (Vocalion) brings the brilliant trombonist back into the lists with a superb group, distilling some of the most melodious jazz I have heard in years, and Ben Webster's tenor horn brings me great joy. **J.J.'s Broadway** (Verve) proves again that Mr. Johnson reigns supreme in the world of trombonists, supple and tonally perfect in his detailed inspection of some of the latest hits from Broadway.

# on galleries

## THE BRIEF LIFE

In November 1914 Henri Gaudier-Brzeska wrote to his father: *I'm not at all bored in the trenches. I am doing some little pieces of sculpture. A few days ago I did a small Maternity statue out of the butt end of a German rifle, it's magnificent walnut wood...* Those "little pieces of sculpture" were the last things he ever did. A few months later he was killed by a German shell. He was 23. His working life as an artist had lasted only four years, but he had carved himself a permanent place in the history of British sculpture. It is idle now to speculate on what he would have achieved had he lived, idle but fascinating, as fascinating as the story of his extraordinary life which reads like a novel (and was long ago made into one that in turn became a television play).

Born in 1891 at St. Jean de Braye, Loiret, he was the son of a carpenter whose ambition was to make his son a businessman. In 1908 he came to England to take a course in business methods at Bristol University and in 1911 returned to settle here, in London, where he stayed until the outbreak of

war. Then, surprisingly since he was an avowed anarchist, he volunteered for the French army.

Those five poverty-plagued years were like a chapter out of *La Vie de Bohème* as written by Zola. They were shared with a demented Polish woman 20 years his senior whom he had met in Paris. "It was," says Gaudier's biographer, H. S. Ede, "the strange meeting of two people with violent temperaments, widely different in age and experience, utterly unsuited to each other, and yet destined to live together for the next five years, and in the end to die violently as they had lived, the one on the battlefield, the other in a madhouse."

Her name was Sophie Brzeska. He attached her name to his as a token of his devotion and in deference to her respectability (when they lived together she kept up a ridiculous pretence that they were brother and sister). They quarrelled and made up continuously in a succession of bare, cold and dirty rooms in Kensington and Chelsea and in Fulham where he had a "studio" in one of the arches of Putney

railway bridge. Sometimes she went away and then he wrote her the long impassioned letters from which we have learned nearly all we know about him. Nearly all, that is, apart from what we can read in his brilliant drawings and his dynamic sculpture.

The exhibition **Gaudier-Brzeska** now at the Folio Society, in London, includes the largest collection of his drawings to be seen since the Arts Council's show of 1956/7. There are 68 of them and three sculptures. Two of the latter are recently made bronze casts from the *Garden ornament* of 1912 and from the stone *Bird swallowing a fish* of 1913, the originals of which belong to Mr. Ede. The third is a bronze portrait bust, *Mlle B.*, done in 1914.

But so small a selection can give little idea of Gaudier's originality, especially in his handling of marble, alabaster and other stones. Long before Henry Moore began to make his human-into-landscape metaphors, Gaudier wrote cryptically: *Sculptural energy is the mountain*. And in the best of his sculptures a tremendous energy seems to lie trapped in the stone.

When we turn to his drawings we find the same quality of energy trapped, this time within a line that pulsates with life. This amazingly fluent line

is seen at its best in the present exhibition in the many drawings of birds and animals and in some of the nude studies. In certain drawings, such as *The swan* and *Eagle on a perch* the way in which the fullness of the form is grasped with the utmost economy of line is uncanny.

Wonderful as these drawings are it is a mistake to rate them (as is often done) above Gaudier's sculpture. His achievement as a sculptor is remarkable not only when we consider the brevity of his life but even by comparison with those of his contemporaries, such as Epstein, who had a full span. In his few frenzied years of production his work progressed from a Rodinesque realism to an inspired exploration of the ideas of Cubism in stone and bronze. His portrait heads of Major Smythies and Horace Brodsky, in which the planes are drastically simplified, are to my mind superior to anything in this genre done this century. And his Vorticist works (he was a founder member of the Vorticist Group, Britain's Cubists, with Wyndham Lewis, William Roberts, Edward Wadsworth and others—but not Epstein, though he was already working on the same lines) are, I think, the finest things that ever came out of that movement.

## J. ROGER BAKER

# on opera

## AVE ATQUE (I HOPE) VALE

It was pretty clear from both audience and critical reaction that Francis Burt's opera *Volpone*, now in the repertory at Sadler's Wells, is not a success. The opera was first performed in this country by the New Opera Company in 1961, a year after its first—and successful—showing in Stuttgart. Burt's music is barely known over here, though he has received encouragement from Sir John Barbirolli and Peter Pears (*Volpone* was begun in 1952 with the English Opera Group in mind, but re-envisioned later). Born in London (1926) Burt studied at the Royal Academy and later in Berlin and Rome; he now lives in Vienna.

One decisive thing about *Volpone* is the unity of its musical style: it reveals a consistent, individual voice with remarkably few echoes from other composers. Clearly influences

are there, notably modern German ones, but they have been absorbed and the score is free from that mish-mash of styles frequently found in young operas. But this music is relentless: it is nervous and edgy, it refuses to relax. Even in the rare moments when he allows his only soprano a lyrical flight, other voices intrude and the ultimate effect is of one long spiky ensemble which tires the ear. There is also a lack of characterization through the music, and this in a subject dominated by caricatures and satirical portraits.

The singers found the vocal lines difficult to control: voices tired quickly, there were a number of misjudgments of cue and syncopation and lots of wild, mute appeals to the conductor during the more viciously rhythmical passages. And one can hardly blame

the singers entirely. Michael Gielgud's production was not well-prepared. Everyone was kept fearfully busy popping in and out, striking pointless pseudo-choreographic poses and climbing stairs. Too many trailing sleeves caught on too many door knobs and I thought the days had gone when an opera chorus could amble formlessly on looking like a W.I. charade. Only Ralph Koltai's set was successful—two revolves, openly heaved round by a troupe of dwarfs, which in various combinations contrived a wide assortment of locations.

Finally I consider Burt's surgery on Ben Jonson has done less than justice to the play. Some operas constructed from straight plays can knock their originals for six—*Tosca* is an example; others, however, can use the original play as what is virtually inspiration for a fresh creation—as with Verdi's *Otello*, probably the greatest example of play into opera. Burt has scripted a neat enough précis of *Volpone*, cut out a few characters and telescoped the

action, but ultimately tells us nothing new about Mosca or Voltore or the other deluded money-grabbers, doesn't even add a new perspective to the play.

So there it is: one of the most unsatisfactory operas I've ever seen, trapped one might say, between *Traviata* and the *Dutchman*, taking hardly any money and boring everyone stiff. The question is bound to be asked: Is it worth it?

The answer, I would say, is undoubtedly: yes. At the risk of appearing to blow the "avant-garde at all costs" trumpet I would point out that Sadler's Wells is the only house where one can hear modern works done in repertory. This last point is important. A special "festival" type performance means nothing. One must submit to a work in the context of a working opera house, be aware that the people on the stage are appearing in other operas on other nights, which puts the thing in perspective. I would simply say Congratulations for doing it; bad luck that it was not more successful.

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**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
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Of the many attractions that London holds for visitors and locals alike, not the least is the gourmet's world—those restaurants deriving from all quarters of the globe, both near and far away. My colleague John Baker White knows them all and tells you of them every week.

From our point of view, the interesting thing is this: think of a dish you have enjoyed on the Continent or farther afield, and you can track it down in London. Even if you have never been in China, India, Poland or Russia, you can find a restaurant in London where the authentic cooked dishes of these countries are served, often in exciting surroundings so that eating out is an experience worth remembering. And, visiting these places, the gifted, knowledgeable cook extends her repertoire.

Many restaurants make a speciality of soups based on consommé. Once we made consommé because the shin bone, veal bones and meat were inexpensive. Now, they are too costly, and few of us have the time to devote to the rather lengthy cooking job they entail. But this does not preclude us serving such soups. Cans of consommé are inexpensive and so good that, no matter how much we may like to make everything from scratch, we are fully justified in using them. What does not seem to me to be legitimate is to serve a can of consommé without some attractive addition such as beetroot juice and slivers of beetroot, or thin slices of savoury custard or a julienne of vegetables.

In other words, I would emphasise the wisdom of using canned clear soups in such a way that we ourselves contribute a little of our own person-

Shakespeare must have had the roses chosen as badges by the Yorkists and Lancastrians frequently in mind while writing the plays on these antagonists. The difficulty is in identifying which of the many red gallicas was actually used by the house of Lancaster.

They took for their own the badge of the red rose at the close of the 13th century, after Edmund, son of Henry III, returned to England from Provence. But which red rose did he select of the numerous gallicas already in cultivation? On the whole, the very ancient *Officinalis* (a gallica often incorrectly described as a damask) seems the most likely. It closely resembles its

# DINING IN

## THE PERSONALITY SOUP

ability to them. BOULA is a very good soup consisting, more or less, of canned consommé and pea soup, half-and-half, with a little sherry and cream stirred in at the last minute so that it appears in streaks. There seems no point in making both the consommé and the pea soup from the beginning.

Time being precious, especially during the week when so many of us are occupied by day, I like to have in the back of my mind some easy-to-prepare dishes of which I can be proud. VEAL CUTLETS lend themselves to any number of ways of being cooked and served and they take comparatively little time. A special touch here and there makes for variety.

Here is a meal for four people I served recently: WATERCRESS CONSOMMÉ, VEAL CUTLETS, MILANAISE, a creamy BLUE STILTON and RHUBARB & ORANGE COMPÔTE. With the cutlets, I served tiny new potatoes, first boiled and then turned in hot butter just to colour them.

The consommé is very simple. Chop the leaves only of 2 to 3 oz. of watercress. Bring two 15-oz. cans of consommé to the boil. Add the watercress and simmer for 2 to 3 minutes.

Select 4 good-sized cutlets of Dutch or very white English veal. Ask the butcher to beat them out to half their original thickness. Beat together a large egg, a teaspoon of vegetable oil and seasoning to taste. Also have ready 2 tablespoons of fine breadcrumbs and one of grated Parmesan. Dip the cut-

lets in the egg mixture and then into the breadcrumbs and cheese, coating them well. Gently fry them to a golden tone on both sides in 2 oz. of butter and 2 tablespoons of olive or other vegetable oil. If you have a non-stick pan, this is the time to use it, for there will be no fear of the coating sticking to the pan.

The "Milanaise" part of the dish is prepared beforehand. Cook up to 6 oz. of macaroni for 10 to 15 minutes, depending on the thickness of the pasta, in more boiling salted water than you think necessary. The macaroni should be *al dente*—that is, firm to the teeth when a piece is bitten, but without a hard core. Drain well. Add a pinch of grated nutmeg and pepper to taste then turn the macaroni in an ounce of butter until well glistened. Finally, add a mixture of grated Gruyère and Parmesan to your liking together with 2 tablespoons of tubed tomato purée, and there the dish can end.

If, however, you want the Escoffier touch, cook 1 oz. of thinly sliced mushrooms for  $\frac{1}{2}$  minute in a little butter. Well blend the tomato purée in a little dry Madeira, and in it warm 2 oz. each of thin strips of cooked ham and tongue. Add all these to the macaroni and toss the mixture over a low heat.

Place the cutlets down one side of a heated dish and the macaroni down the other. Serve the potatoes separately.

The COMPÔTE is very simple.

Start with 1 to 2 oranges—blood oranges for preference—peel them thinly, avoiding any pith, and cut into julienne strips. Boil them in a cup of water until soft.

Meanwhile, remove all the pith. Do this over a basin to catch any juice. Cut the oranges into very thin rounds and add them and 4 oz. of sugar to the peel. Boil until it is translucent. Cut 1 to 1½ lb. of pink-skinned rhubarb into  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1-inch lengths. Add them and very gently poach the lot, adding a little more boiling water if necessary. When cold, chill for a short time.

If you have any orange-flavoured liqueur on hand, pour 2 to 4 tablespoons of it into a dish a little time before serving, then add the compôte.

Some people would blanch the orange peel in the first place but, like me, you may prefer to have its full "zest" so deal with it as above.

Coming to home dishes, here is a SAGO-RHUBARB "SHAPE," a very old Scottish sweet. Use pink rhubarb for preference, for the sake of appearance, but one could tinge greenish rhubarb with a little red culinary colouring.

For 4 to 5 servings, soak 4 oz. of sago for about 10 minutes in just under 5 liquid oz. of warm water. Cut  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of pink rhubarb into  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch lengths and boil them for 10 minutes in just under  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water and 5 oz. of sugar. Add the sago and its water and boil for a further 10 to 15 minutes. Taste after 5 minutes and, if needed, add a further ounce of sugar.

Turn into a wetted mould and set aside until next day. Turn out, surround with a cold egg custard sauce and serve.

I like to cook the grated rind of an orange with the rhubarb.

### GEOFFREY S. FLETCHER

# ROSE GROWING

## ROSES SHAKESPEARE KNEW (2)

formal counterpart in the stained glass and carving of the period. The variety is semi-double, richly coloured and flowers at midsummer.

No difficulty exists about the Yorkist rose, which was *R. Alba Semi-plena*, also an ancient variety. *R. Alba Semi-plena* requires almost no cultivation at all, merely a shortening of over-long shoots and the occasional removal of some of the oldest. It covers itself with white roses of semi-double

character, which look perfectly delightful against its grey-green foliage, in June and July. This rose should not be confused with *Alba Maxima* or double-white, sometimes known as the Jacobite Rose.

Next in the list, by a natural transition, comes the *York & Lancaster* rose, a damask. The true *York & Lancaster* is not striped or splashed (like *Rosa Mundi*); its blooms are sometimes blushed white, sometimes pink, or the petals may vary.

Unlike other old roses, it will only perform well if the soil is sufficiently strong and rich; otherwise it can be disappointing. *R. Mundi*, on the other hand, is vigorous in habit, though compact. There is no other rose quite so spectacular. In a good year a well grown bush will almost cover up its leaves by a lavish display of dazzling crimson and white, gaily striped flowers.

Lastly: the *Sweet Briar*, the eglantine of the poets, a favourite rose in rural England ever since the English had gardens. It makes a delightful hedge if kept roughly clipped and its fragrance, especially after light rain, is a midsummer night's dream!

DUDLEY NOBLE

# MOTORING

## A CAR FOR SPRINGTIME

A spell of sunny weather, a shiny new car brought to the door—and a few days' holiday to take. Where? As I was pondering this question two things arrived by post. One, a bulky package, was a handsome new guide book to the whole of Britain, lavishly got up by Shell and B.P. and containing so much topographical, historical, architectural and even geological lore that one needs a few hours just for a preliminary tasting. The other was a circular from the R.A.C. reminding me that April is blossom-time in Worcestershire's beautiful Vale of Evesham and that once again they have signposted a special roundabout route 34 miles long on which motorists can get the best possible view of the orchards and avoid traffic congestion.

Because of the wintry early spring the blossom is likely to be later than usual this year, and is now expected to be out during the two weeks following publication of this issue of the TATLER. So, turning up the section of the Shell-B.P. book (a hefty volume of 936 pages, which costs only 30s.) dealing with the Avon Valley, I learned more in ten minutes than in the several years during which I lived within some 25 miles of Evesham, where the black earth grows the best asparagus in the world. The decision was soon made. I packed an overnight bag, took a refresher look at the map—Western Avenue out of London, High Wycombe,

Oxford bypass and swing right to Chipping Norton, then left to Broadway—and hoped that the Lygon Arms would have a room. If not, I would go on to the Crown at Evesham, altogether about a hundred mile run.

Now down to the car, a slick sports saloon by the name of Bond, exactly the sort of thing one could imagine secret agent James Bond approving. Brilliant in a vivid red which the bright sunshine raised several tones in colour value, it looked just the job for this springtime outing, and so it proved. Within minutes the speedometer needle was hovering in the eighties as we sped along the twin carriageway Western Avenue, strangely devoid of heavy traffic this Monday morning and letting me prove the Bond's road-hugging propensities on the roundabouts. Soon came the descent into High Wycombe and the slow crawl through its congested little town centre; then up the modern version of Dashwood Hill, on which so many trials and tests were held in the early days of motoring, when the old original hill reduced many a car's boasted prowess, and even today is no mean climb.

One can still get at the old road by turning right a little way up the present road, where it starts to rise, soon after leaving West Wycombe.

The Bond car is made by the same people who make the famous three-wheeled minicar of that name, and it is the answer to many a motorist's prayer—the man who seeks something different from the average everyday model. This four-wheel Bond certainly looks the part, with its rakish line and general stylishness. Yet its mechanical basis comes from one of the biggest car factories in the Midlands, and the Bond can be serviced and maintained by—and, in fact, bought from—a dealer in virtually every town in the country, for it is based on the Triumph Herald, and has all the many good features of that car such as double-backbone chassis and all-round independent suspension. The engine is that of the Triumph Spitfire and is an excellent choice for the Bond, being capable of high revs. and producing from its 1,147 c.c. capacity the worthy power output of 63 b.h.p. One can sense its sporting capabilities as soon as one blips the accelerator,

and on the road the pick-up after a smart change down is really thrilling. The all-synchromesh gearbox is a delight to handle; on the silent third one can easily notch 70 m.p.h.; 45 m.p.h. on second. Yet this performance is not obtained at the cost of heavy fuel consumption—on the trip I made to Evesham I found the average worked out at just on 35 miles to the gallon.

The Bond company's contribution to the nameplate on the bonnet is a steel and rustproof reinforced glass fibre body—a process of manufacture of which Bond Cars (of Preston, Lancs.) really seem to have got the hang. This material, being readily moulded, allows designers a lot of leeway and lends itself admirably to moderate outputs. It has good wearing qualities and is amazingly strong. The Bond styling provides exactly the kind of body that many owners want room for four people, or alternatively a vast amount of luggage if only two are carried. Furthermore, the finish which this Lancashire firm gets into its glass fibre products is unusually good, free from the ripples and tiny cracks that are sometimes found in such material.

The car is just under 12 feet long, 5 ft. wide and 4 ft. 6 ins. high. It weighs a little over 14 cwt., and its cost, basic, is £680. At the time of writing (just before the Budget) the inclusive-of-purchase-tax price is £822 4s. 7d.



*The Bond Equipe G.T. has all-independent suspension and front disc brakes*

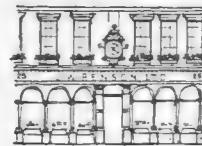
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# COME BACK FOR HAUTE CUISINE

John Baker White reports on a gastronomic revival

It can now be revealed, as they say in writing about secret wartime operations, that about five years ago there was a real danger that highly specialised cooking in London restaurants would, fairly quickly, become a thing of the past. The post-war effects on the intake of chefs, the disinclination among young men to embark on the long and complex training in the art of "haute cuisine," and the cost of high quality raw materials combined to create this condition. But today the situation is easier, for though high quality chefs remain in short supply, it is still possible to get specialised cooking of high quality in London, and in a few places outside it.

Under the expert direction of JOSEPH RIGOTTI, the new manager of the **Grosvenor House** restaurant, a notable list of specialities has been introduced, and should prove an attraction for anyone interested in high quality French cooking. Recently I had there *Oeuf Poché Paganini*, being poached eggs set in tartlets and decorated with mushrooms, garnished with a cornet of braised ham filled with mousse of foie gras, the whole being served with Madeira sauce. I followed it with *Darne de Saumon Braisée Imperial*. The salmon steaks, braised, were served in white wine sauce, garnished with fried soft roes, puff pastry crescents, mushrooms, prawns and truffles. It was rich, but splendid. There are eight dishes on Mr. Joseph's list, ranging in price from



Left: David Wolfe describes himself in his advertising as the short fat proprietor of the long thin restaurant that bears his name. He feels that the secret of creative catering is to be adventurous, has insisted from the outset on a genuine French haute cuisine. When Wolfe's first opened, diners had to send out for wine, but in 1961 the restaurant was granted a licence. Wolfe, completely self-taught, has become a wine connoisseur—notably of clarets. Below: Joseph Rigotti, London-born in 1906 of Italian parentage is the new manager of the Grosvenor House restaurant. Under his direction an impressive list of specialities has been introduced there.

15s. 6d. to 35s., and in all cases it is necessary to order them in advance; it would not be fair to the *chef de cuisine* to do otherwise.

The *soufflé*, happily, is making a come-back. Though I can recall a number of restaurants that make one admirably, I think my first choice for this dish would be the **Mirabelle** or the **Connaught**. It was in the restaurant of this hotel that I had a memorable soup, *Bisque de Saumon*, which must have taken hours to make. If you want to give your guest something rich and rare, there are still restaurants that serve *Canard à la Presse*, with all the pomp and ceremony this dish deserves. I had it near to perfection in the **Terrace Room** at the Dorchester, and you can be certain of getting it at **Claridge's** or the **Savoy**. LUIGI at Claridge's has a special way of doing woodcock that he regards as even better.

**L'Ecu de France** is famous for its French cooking, but I remember it for producing what I believe is the best gnocchi in London. Similarly, I recall the **Coq d'Or** not for the many specialised dishes it can produce but for a splendid cold duck and the salad that went with it. This is not as surprising as it sounds, for precious few restaurants anywhere in this country cook duck really well. Most of them overcook it, and try to conceal the fault with a too rich sauce.

It is too often forgotten that cooking to produce near-perfection with completely plain

CONTINUED ON PAGE 296



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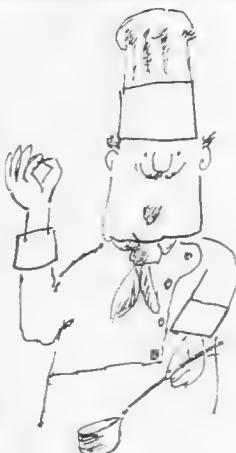
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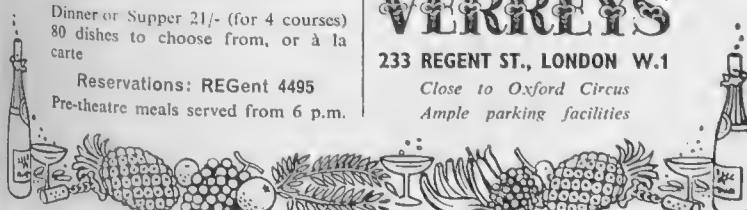
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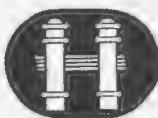
food requires as much care and skill as the preparation of an elaborate dish. People come from all over the world to eat saddle of mutton at Simpsons or **Stone's Chop House**. I do not know anywhere, not even in Ostend, where it is possible to eat a better *Sole Colbert* than at **Wheeler's Braganza** and **Magnum Room** restaurants or **Overtons** at Victoria. **Wheeler's** also make a speciality of superb hot lobster dishes, and I believe that the best of their lobster chefs is in their Rooms in Brighton.

Pâtés and terrines can be works of art; for them I would go to **Genevieve** or the **Jardin des Gourmets**. **Poulet Basquaise** is a splendid dish, and they make a speciality of it at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 297

Mr. Barnes is familiarly known to valued patrons of **Overtons** fish restaurant at Victoria as **Fred**. **Overtons** offer a wide variety of dishes, including such specialities as **Scamp Brochette** and fried scallops and bacon with sauce tartare

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PAUL VINCENTZ

the cheerful, friendly **Chez Cleo**. For *Coq au Vin* I would choose **Chez Solange**, where the ROCHONS and their staff give one such a jolly welcome. Madame, incidentally, is a remarkable judge of French wines. A really good curry is a highly specialized dish, and I would go to **Veeraswamy's** for it, though it is very difficult indeed to better the chicken curry at the **Trocadero Grill**.

Over all specialized cooking there is a golden rule that is too often ignored in Britain. It is to order in advance. The skill of men like CHARLES BEAUFORT at the **Trocadero** and GERMAIN BAGOLE at the **Westbury** can be deployed to the full if you give them the time. Along with the **Waldorf**, **Prunier** and **Caprice** these are restaurants I would choose if I were giving a very special meal to somebody very special, with the cost as a secondary consideration. For let us face hard fact. In this day and age specialized cooking and fine wines cannot possibly be cheap.

Father and son partnership Christos and Andreas Ktori opened their *Akropolis* restaurant in Charlotte Street in 1940. Andreas, born in Cyprus and usually known as Andrea, was once a chartered accountant, now attends to the day-to-day running of the restaurant. The food is expensive but good and covers a wide range of dishes, especially Greek. The wine list includes both Greek and Cyprus wines

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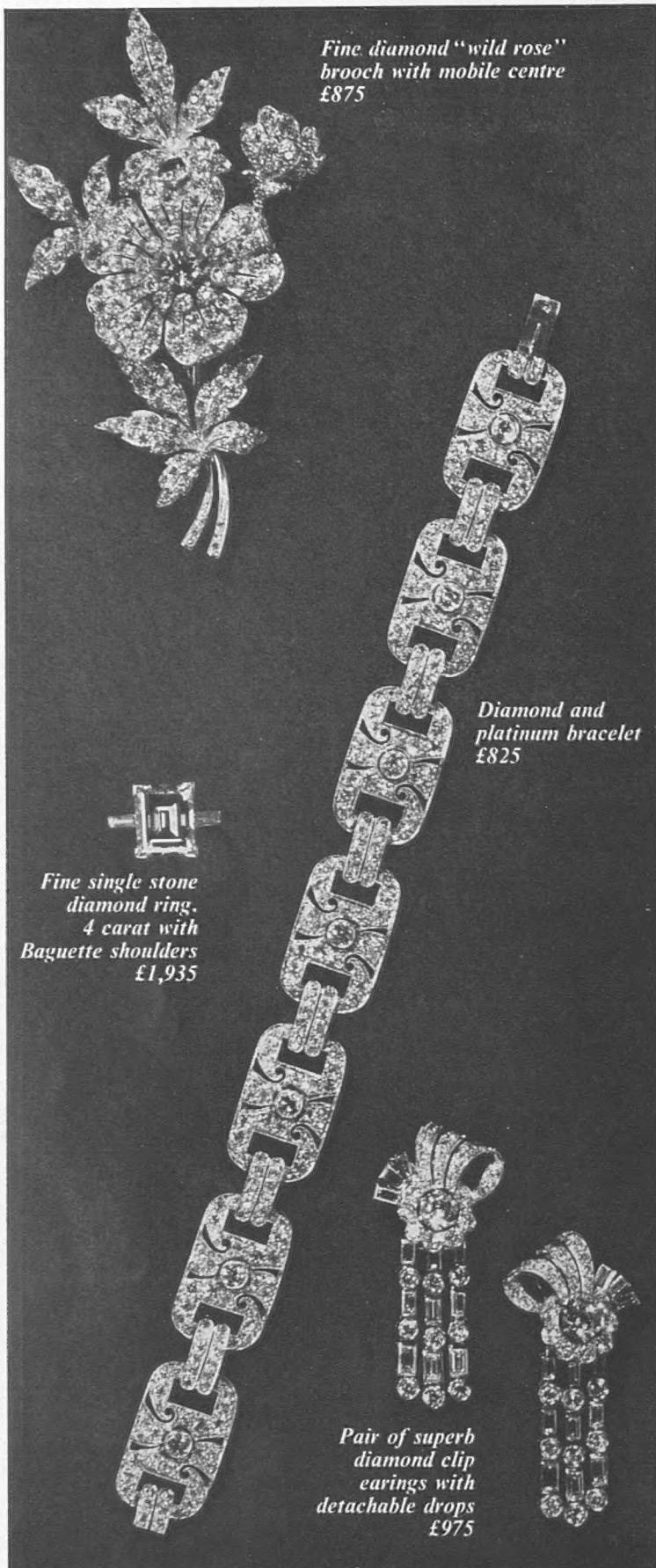


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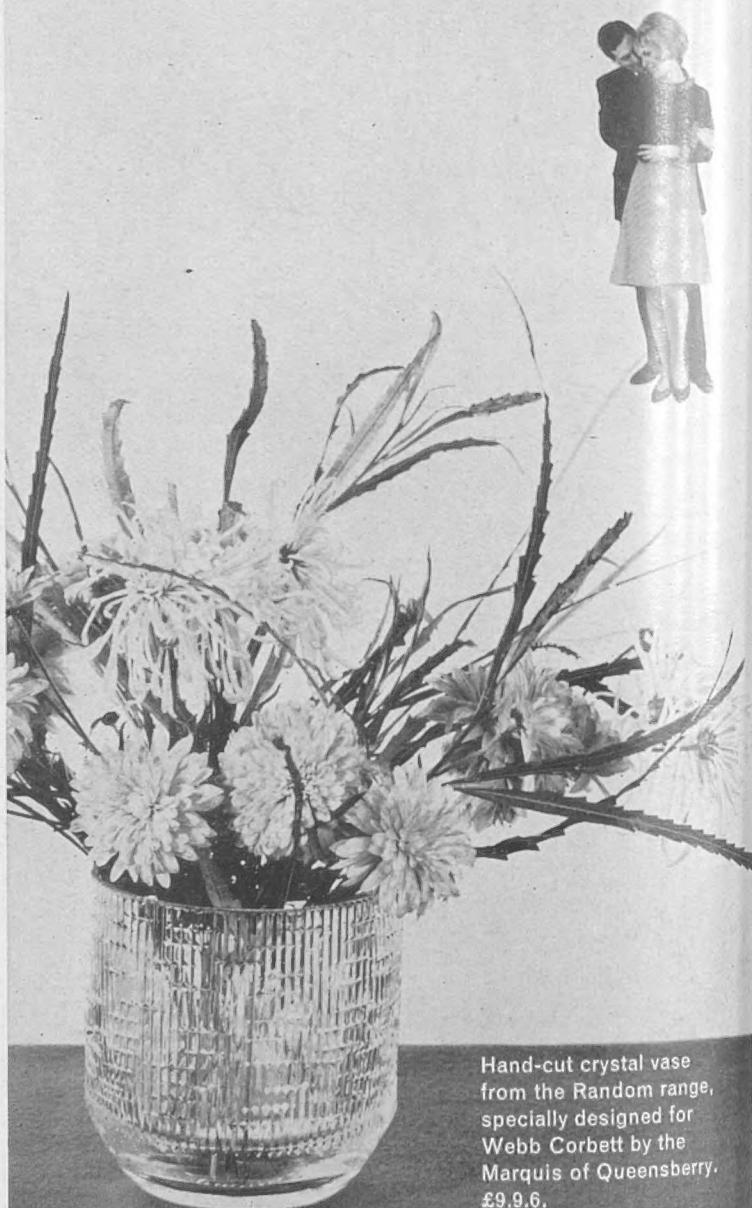
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